

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

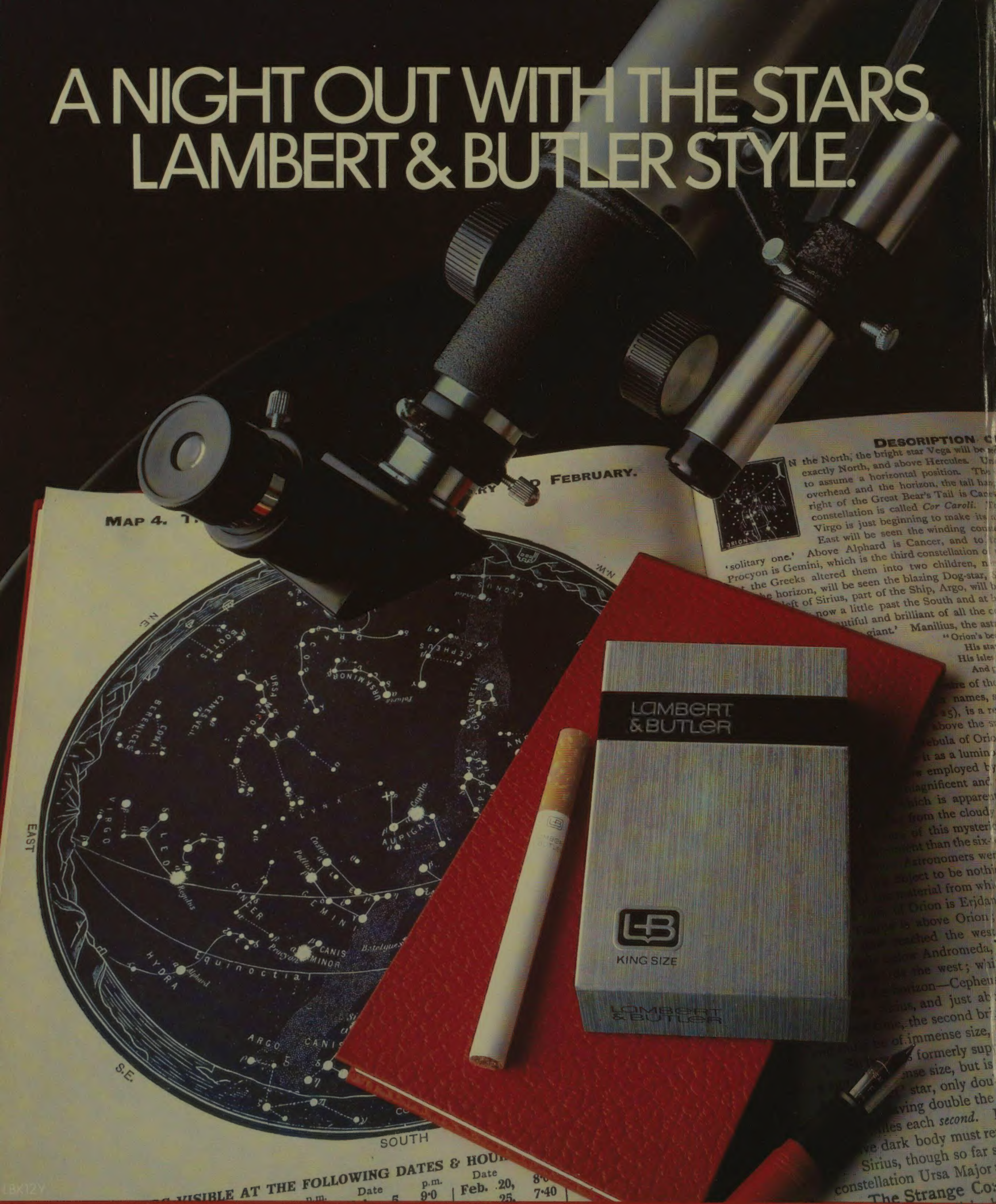
March 1981 75p

BRITISH COUNTIES
MICHAEL McNAY'S KENT
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
LLOYD GEORGE
UNDERGROUND IN
HONG KONG



Is the BBC worth 14p a day?

A NIGHT OUT WITH THE STARS. LAMBERT & BUTLER STYLE.



MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6992 Volume 269 March 1981

Cover: Part of one day's television viewing on BBC1.
Photographs by Richard Cooke.
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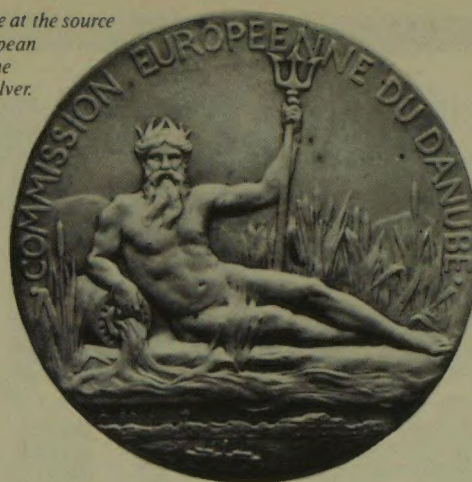
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Danube: Neptune at the source of the river. European Commission of the Danube, 1906. Silver. By A. Patey. £35



OLD MAN RIVER



Thames: Father Thames with river scene behind. Silver Metropolitan Regatta Prize Medal, 1866. £48



Seine and the Rhine: The Rhone Canal joining the two rivers, 1783. Bronze. By B. Du Vivier. £75

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THERE ONCE WAS AN UGLY DUCKLING.

In early 1950 the first Saab rolled off the production line.

Although streamlined by aircraft designers, in no shape or form could it be called beautiful.

It certainly was functional. It certainly was safe. And it certainly was very reliable. Which is why over the years in rally after rally Saab were certainly one of the most consistent winners.

In fact, so successful was it, that as late as 1977, the same basic shape was still selling well. It's probably also the reason why today in '81 many still think of Saab as old-fashioned. They still remember the 'old boot'. But nothing could be further from the truth.

Take a look at the latest Saab, the new 900 Sedan. Hasn't it truly beautiful sleek lines?

Inside you'll find our beauty isn't just skin deep. The rich velour upholstery has a quality usually reserved for saloons in a much higher price bracket.

And the dashboard fascia and steering wheel have a sophisticated elegance that will give models from a very expensive German stable a run for their money.

Once in the driving seat you'll understand why many argue it's the most comfortable and anatomically correct driving position in the world.

Of course when you study closely the Sedan's beautiful shape, you'll discover we've introduced a boot. Not just for kicks but to

give plenty of luggage room without cramping the leg and head room of the three back seat passengers.

We even commissioned a top Swedish furniture manufacturer to model the back seat like a stylish settee.



So don't be surprised if your passengers sink into a sound sleep the minute they sink into its cushioned seats.

Definitely the quiet purr of the 2 litre twin carb engine won't disturb them.

And certainly the power steering (it's fitted as standard) is so good especially when parking, that they'll still be fast asleep when the car has come to rest.

By now, you must be thinking that such a beautifully styled car with such expensive refinements as power steering and a heated driver's seat can only be afforded by a few powerful top executives.

But believe it or not, the 900 GLS Sedan only costs £6,595. Which is another reason why Saab, must be an ugly word to many a competitor.

SAAB



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Muckamore, Antrim, Co. Antrim
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SAAB

ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Paul Scofield as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives an award-winning performance. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, W1.*

Barefoot in the Park. Neil Simon's comedy with Peter Davison & Sandra Dickinson. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Until Mar 7.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. Adult musical from Broadway about a campaign to close a bordello. Directed by Peter Masterson & Tommy Tune. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.*

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of *Harlequinade*, *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank SE1.* Until Mar 21.

The Caretaker. Warren Mitchell, Kenneth Cranham & Jonathan Pryce are exactly cast as the tramp & the two brothers of Pinter's fine early play. *Lyttelton.* Until Mar 14.

The Crucible. The strongest revival yet of Arthur Miller's burning tragedy of the New England terror three centuries ago, transferred from the Cottesloe. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1.* From Mar 4.

Dangerous Corner. J. B. Priestley's time play directed by Robert Gillespie with Anthony Daniels, Stacy Dorning & Clive Francis. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

Duet for One. Tom Kempinski's study of two people—a woman violinist disabled by multiple sclerosis & her patient psychiatrist—is both emotionally satisfying & urgently acted by Frances de la Tour & David de Keyser. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Early Days. Ralph Richardson dominates David Storey's study of an old man near death, remembering his past. *Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey.* Mar 9-14.

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Julie Walters & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak", redoubtably acted by David Schofield, whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s. *Lyttelton.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

Hobson's Choice by Harold Brighouse. Directed by David Giles with Arthur Lowe, Julia McKenzie & Ronald Pickup. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Until Mar 7.

The Irish Play by Ron Hutchinson. Barry Kyle directs this play about an Irish club in the Midlands which decides to stage a play about Irish history. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* Until Mar 28.

It's Magic. Paul Daniels is not only an unusually loquacious conjuror, he is also an exceedingly dextrous one. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Junio & the Paycock. Sean O'Casey's masterpiece of the Dublin tenements, revived by the RSC, with Judi Dench as the finest Junio of our time. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Until Mar 18.

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long, determined biographical play is graced by a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & a full production by John Dexter. *Olivier.*

Man & Superman. This National Theatre achievement is the entire text of Shaw's play, with the Juan-in-Hell interlude, directed by Christopher Morahan. Exceptional speaking by Daniel Massey, Penelope Wilton & Michael Bryant. *Olivier.*

A Month in the Country. New translation by Isaiah Berlin of Turgenev's play, directed by Peter Gill. With Francesca Annis & Michael Gough. *Olivier.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 29th year. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

Moving. A comedy by Stanley Price, in which Penelope Keith is a crisp yet vulnerable housewife, caught with her dentist-husband (Peter Jeffrey) in a web of mortgages, offers & bridging loans. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Caroline Viliers as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Naked Robots. It will be sad indeed if any section of modern youth is like this, but the dramatist, Jonathan Gems, must think his play is plausible. *Warehouse.* Until Apr 4.

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,500 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

OklaHoma! Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Olivier.*

Pal Joey. Siân Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Passion Play. A study of middle-aged adultery, by Peter Nichols, that in spite of some fine acting gets nowhere in particular. *Aldwych.* Until Apr 4.

Phantom Captain. Experimental theatre group performing in the ICA's season "Theatre Not Plays". *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Feb 25-Mar 14.

Present Laughter. Noël Coward's classic comedy directed by Alan Strachan, with Donald Sinden, Dinah Sheridan, Gwen Watford & Polly Adams. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Until Mar 7; *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2,* from Mar 17.

The Provok'd Wife. Carl Toms, who has set Vanbrugh's comedy in a winter-bound London by the Thames, takes the honours of a revival in which John Wood's boorish husband is as assured as anyone; Dorothy Tutin & Geraldine McEwan are the ladies in the matter. *Lyttelton.*

Pygmalion. Shaw's comedy directed by Denise Coffey with Lesley-Anne Down as Eliza. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.*

Richard II. directed by Robin Lefevre, with Nicholas Grace. *Young Vic.*

The Romans in Britain. Cheap, raw & egregious, this historical speculation, written by Howard Brenton & directed by Michael Bogdanov, does no credit to the National Theatre. *Olivier.*

Rowan Atkinson in Revue. One of the performers from the BBC's "Not the Nine O'Clock News" team in a revue with Richard Curtis & Howard Goodall. Directed by Mel Smith. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Suburban Strains. Musical play written & directed by Alan Ayckbourn, music by Paul Todd. With Lavinia Bertram & members of the Stephen Joseph Theatre in the Round Company from Scarborough. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Until Mar 14.

The Suicide. Roger Rees plays the "man refused employment" who, in Nikolai Erdman's Russian comedy, is forever on the verge of shooting himself, but never does. *Aldwych.* Until Mar 4.

Taking Steps by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman, with Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Pagett. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Television Times. An uncertain satirical piece by Peter Prince, better in its incidentals than its plot. *Warehouse.* Until Mar 31.

That's Showbiz! Variety show with Ken Goodwin, the Clark Brothers, the Great Kovari, Bobby Davro & Shuni Star. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

They're Playing Our Song. Tom Conti & Gemma Craven govern what is virtually a two-part musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.*

The Ticket-of-Leave Man. 19th-century melodrama by Tom Taylor, with Michael Elphick, Paul Copley, Jack Shepherd, Patricia Heywood. Directed by Piers Haggard. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Mar 21.

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor and Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Virginia. Maggie Smith plays the title role in Edna

O'Brien's play based on the writings of Leonard & Virginia Woolf. Directed by Robin Phillips, with Nicholas Pennell & Patricia Conolly. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

Waiting for Godot. Beckett's dialogue between two tramps performed by the Baxter Theatre Company of Capetown. Directed by Donald Howard with John Kani & Winston Ntshona. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Until Mar 14.

First nights

Faith Healer. British première of a new play by Brian Friel, directed by Christopher Fettes with Patrick Magee, Helen Mirren & Stephen Lewis. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Mar 2.

House Guests. New thriller by Francis Durbridge. Directed by Val May with Susan Hampshire & Gerald Harper. *Richmond Theatre, Surrey.* Mar 2-14.

Mary, Mary. Comedy about divorce by Jean Kerr. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Mar 3-21.

Mike Leigh play. New improvised work, devised & directed by Mike Leigh, with Marion Bailey, Jill Baker, Jim Broadbent & Anthony Sher. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Mar 3-Apr.

Snap. New play by Nigel Gearing about Victorian photographer Eadward Muybridge. Presented by Foco Novo directed by Roland Rees, with Oliver Ford Davies, Colette Hiller & Jonathan Burn. *Theatre at New End, New End, NW3.* Mar 5-22.

Bodies. Comedy by James Saunders. *Casson Room, Thorndike, Leatherhead.* Mar 10-21.

The Golden Age. New mystery play by A. R. Gurney, set in present-day New York. Directed by Alan Strachan, with Constance Cummings. *Greenwich Croom's Hill, SE10.* Mar 11.

The Cockroach Trilogy by Alan Williams. Three separate plays based on the one-man rock musical "The Cockroach that ate Cincinnati". Directed by Mike Bradwell, with Alan Aldred & the Hull Truck Theatre Company. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Mar 12-28.

1981 Young Writers' Festival. *Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Mar 13-28.

St Joan. Shaw's drama performed by the Cambridge Theatre Company with Julie Covington & Fulton MacKay. Directed by Nancy Meckler. *Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey.* Mar 16-21.

Rose. Honor Blackman plays the harassed Midlands schoolteacher in Andrew Davies's play, directed by Kim Grant. *Richmond Theatre.* Mar 16-21.

Lumière & Son. Collaboration between this experimental theatre group & students from Bradford University & Ilkley College. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Mar 17-28.

Entertaining Mr Sloane. Joe Orton's comedy directed by Kenneth Williams, with Barbara Windsor. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Mar 18-Apr 11.

Time & Time Again. Alan Ayckbourn's comedy directed by Nick Barter & performed by the Oxford Playhouse Company. *Ashcroft, Croydon.* Mar 23-28.

Overheard. New play by Peter Ustinov, directed by Clifford Williams. With Deborah Kerr & Ian Carmichael. *Richmond Theatre.* Mar 23-Apr 4.

The Flying Karamazov Brothers. Four Americans present a vaudeville show of "jugglers & cheap theatrics". *Mayfair, Stratton St, W1.* Mar 31-May 9.

★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

All That Jazz. Ritzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all through.

Any Which Way You Can. Clint Eastwood alternates good films and bad films. This is one of the bad ones in which he is regularly accompanied by a grimacing orang-utang named Clyde.

Atlantic City. Entertaining but morally dubious Louis Malle movie about a small-time racketeer (Burt Lancaster in fine form) who has the chance to make a splash. Trouble is it makes killing look utterly painless.

Babylon. Entertaining, low-budget British movie about West Indian youth-culture south of the Thames. Lively direction by Franco Rosso.

Baltimore Bullet. Robert Ellis-Miller directs this comedy adventure about two arch-rivals at the gambling tables. With James Coburn & Omar Sharif.

Blood Feud. Italian melodrama set in Sicily in the

1920s. Directed by Lina Vertmuller with Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni & Giancarlo Giannini.

The Chain Reaction. Australian film directed by Ian Barry about the consequences of an escape of nuclear waste.

Divine Madness. A live concert performance by Bette Midler & The Harlettes. Directed by Michael Ritchie.

The Dogs of War. A capable but uninspired tale of mercenaries at work in West Africa based on a Frederick Forsyth best-seller & starring the doleful Christopher Walken.

Don Giovanni. Losey's splendid film version of Mozart's opera. It may appal the purists but it will delight those who want a genuine visual interpretation of the opera.

Dressed to Kill. A teasing, hugely enjoyable horror-suspense movie from Brian De Palma with Angie Dickinson as a mature beauty & Michael Caine as her questionable analyst.

The Elephant Man. The now familiar story of Victorian freak John Merrick, re-told by David Lynch with a mixture of horror & pity: the trouble is the emotions seem souped up & the departures from fact needless.

Flash Gordon. An expensive two-hour comic-strip in which our hero (Sam Jones) pits his tiny wits & large muscles against the mighty Ming (Max Von Sydow). A lot of effort for little reward.

The Formula. John Avildsen directs this film about the hunt for a catalyst for synthetic fuel missing since the end of the last war. With Marlon Brando, George C. Scott & Marthe Keller.

Hopscotch. Comedy-thriller about an ex-CIA agent threatening to reveal secrets in his forthcoming book. Directed by Ronald Neame, with Walter Matthau & Glenda Jackson.

The Island. Risible Michael Ritchie film starring Michael Caine as a journalist stumbling across Caribbean buccaners who behave rather like the supporting cast of the recent Old Vic "Macbeth".

The Jazz Singer. New version of the 1927 Al Jolson film about a singer/composer torn between religion and his desire to be a pop singer. Directed by Richard Fleischer with Neil Diamond.

Kagemusha. Impressive, 16th-century Japanese epic about a thief who takes over from a warlord whose physical double he is. Directed by 70-year-old Akira Kurosawa.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. New version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's classic story, directed by Jack Gold. With Ricky Schroder in the title role, Alec Guinness & Connie Booth.

Loulou. The story of a triangular love affair, directed by Maurice Pialat. With Gérard Depardieu & Isabelle Huppert.

The Marriage of Maria Braun. Interesting Fassbinder film about Germany in the last days of the war & during the economic miracle, with a good performance from Hanna Schygulla.

My Bodyguard. A Chicago teenager tries to hire a bodyguard to protect him against school bullies. Directed by Tony Bill with Chris Makepeace, Adam Baldwin & Matt Dillon.

Nine to Five. Comedy with Jane Fonda, Dolly Parton & Lily Tomlin as three secretaries who plan to get rid of their boss & take over his company. Directed by Colin Higgins.

Raging Bull. The story of boxer Jake LaMotta. Directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert de Niro in the title role.

Raise The Titanic. On second thoughts, why bother?

The Reign of Naples. The political developments of 1944 Naples. Directed by Werner Schroeter.

Seems Like Old Times. Below-par Neil Simon romantic farce worth seeing purely for Goldie Hawn whose giggling-pixie act makes the screen come alive.

Sitting Ducks. Comedy written & directed by Henry Jaglom, with Michael Emil & Zack Norman.

Smokey & the Bandit Ride Again. Comedy directed by Hal Needham involving Burt Reynolds & Sally Field in a car chase across America.

Stalker. Science fiction story directed by Andrei Tarkovsky about three men travelling through a forbidden zone after the fall of a meteorite.

Stardust Memories. Woody Allen's least attractive picture to date: a bilious swipe at fans & admirers riddled with self-importance.

The Stunt Man. A real pleasure. The subject is the power and paranoia inseparable from the business of movie-making; and there is a blisteringly funny performance from Peter O'Toole as a director who makes God look like an under-achiever.

Times Square. The experiences of two runaway teenage girls in Manhattan who became punk rock heroines. Directed by Alan Moyle with Trini

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Tribute. Sentimental comedy starring Jack Lemmon as a dying Broadway press-agent. Worked much better as a New York play.

Union City. Comedy thriller directed by Mark Reichert with Debbie Harry, Pat Benatar & Raymond Lipscomb.

Wildcats of St Trinian's. Searle's gymslip monsters once again on the rampage; it might be better if they had been left on the shelf.

Willie & Phil. Paul Mazursky directs this story of two friends who fall in love with the same woman. With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder & Ray Sharkey.

Premières

Ordinary People. Robert Redford directs this film about strained family relationships. With Donald Sutherland & Mary Tyler Moore. Charity première in aid of the National Film School. *Plaza, Lower Regent St, W1.* Mar 4.

Coal Miner's Daughter. Based on the life of country music singer Loretta Lynn, with Sissy Spacek & Tommy Lee Jones. Directed by Michael Apted. Gala première. *Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2.* Mar 12.

Chariots of Fire. Based on the life of Harold Abrahams, the first Jew to win the Olympic 100 metres title in 1924. Directed by Hugh Hudson, with Ben Cross, Ian Charleson, John Gielgud, Ian Holm & Patrick Magee. Royal Film Performance in the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund. *Odeon, Leicester Sq, SW1.* Mar 30.

★ BALLETS ★

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Mayerling, choreography MacMillan, music Liszt; with Jefferies, Park, Penney, Conley, Somes, Ellis, Whitten, Mar 2; with Jackson replacing Ellis, Mar 20; with Eagling, Collier, Conley, Derman, Somes, Ellis, Penney, Mar 21; cast to be announced, Mar 5, 19.

Triple bill, Mar 10, 11, 16, 18, 24, 28: **Façaade**, choreography Ashton, music Walton; with Park, Dowell, Mar 10, 11; with Conley, Deane, Mar 16, 24; with Conley, Coleman, Mar 18, 28; **My Brother, My Sisters**, choreography MacMillan, music Schönberg; with Eagling, Penney, Collier, Mar 10, 11, 16, 28; with Jefferies, Porter, Ellis, Mar 18, 24; **Daphnis & Chloë**, choreography Ashton, music Ravel; with Park, Dowell, Mar 10, 11; with Porter, Silve, Mar 16, 28; with Penney, Dowell, Mar 18, 24.

Manon, choreography MacMillan, music Massenet; cast to be announced Mar 12, 23; with Penney, Dowell, Wall, Mason, Rencher, Larsen, Mar 13, 26; with Collier, Eagling, Jefferies, Whitten, Rencher, Eyre, Mar 25.

BALLET RAMBERT, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

World première of **Rite of Spring**, choreography Alston, music Stravinsky; London premières of **Keuter I & II**, **Preludes & Song**, **Rainbow Ripples**, **Landscape**; **Nuthouse Stomp**, **Judgment of Paris**, **Dark Elegies**, **Black Angels**, **Cruel Garden**. Mar 4-21.

LONDON CITY BALLET, Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon:

With Marion, St Claire, Michael Beare, Donald MacLeary, Karen Smith, Nigel Burgoine; two programmes. Mar 2-7.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Romeo & Juliet, **Giselle**, **Coppélia**. Mar 3-Apr 4.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour:

The Nutcracker. *King's Theatre, Southsea.* Mar 2-7.

Theatre Royal, Brighton. Mar 9-14.

Churchill Theatre, Bromley. Mar 16-21.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET

THEATRE on tour:

A Midsummer Night's Dream. *Key Theatre, Peterborough.* Mar 2-7.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET on tour:

The Taming of the Shrew, new Corder work/new Bintley work/**Paquita**, **Papillon**.

Opera House, Blackpool. Mar 2-7.

Repertory as above but **Polonia/Giselle** replaces **Papillon**. *Empire, Liverpool.* Mar 9-14.

CAMDEN FESTIVAL, Round House, 100 Chalk Farm Rd, NW1:

Los Awatinas, six Bolivians present song & dance from the high Andes. Mar 23.

Oranim Israeli Dance Troupe with **The Zemel Choir**, folk music & dance. Mar 24.

The Jing Ying Soloists & Nancy Kuo, Chinese songs, dances, poetry & puppetry. Mar 25.

Afro-Caribbean Dance & Music with Ekome Dagarti, ethnic dance, traditional & contemporary. Mar 26.

Punita Gupta, Esmail Sheikh, Rita Mehta, Lucia Santa Maria, Barbara Hourigan, Indu Panikkar, Indian dance, classical styles from southern India: **Mohini Attam & Kathakali**. Mar 28.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

L'Africaine, conductor Atherton, with Grace Bumbry as Selika, Franco Bonisolli as Vasco da Gama, Silvano Carroli as Nelusko, Richard Van Allan as Don Pedro. Mar 3, 6, 9, 14, 17.

Macbeth, conductor Muti, new production by Elijah Moshinsky, designed by John Napier, with Renato Bruson as Macbeth, Renata Scottò as Lady Macbeth, Robert Lloyd as Banquo, Veriano Luchetti as Macduff. Mar 27, 31.

Carlo Bergonzi, tenor, **Eduardo Müller**, piano. Recital of songs & arias by Scarlatti, Bellini, Lalo, Denza, Cilea, Caccini, Verdi, Rossini, Tosti, Halévy. Mar 30.

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Crispino e la Comare by L. & F. Ricci, conductor Judd, producer Tom Hawkes, designers Reginald Woolley & Paul Hernon, with Gordon Sandison, Johanna Peters, Lynda Russell, Michael Rippon, Donald Maxwell, Harry Coghill. *Collegiate Theatre, Gordon St, WC1.* Mar 18, 20, 21.

Gli Orazi e i Curiazi by Cimarosa, conductor Parry, producer Stephen Lawless, designer Steven Gregory, with Della Jones, Diana Montague, Sandra Dugdale, Kenneth Bowen, Eric Roberts, Paul Hudson. *Collegiate Theatre.* Mar 25, 27, 28.

Renaud by Sacchini, conductor Fischer, concert performance, with Yvonne Kenny, Anthony Roden, Michael Lewis, Richard Jackson, Felicity Palmer. *Logan Hall, Bedford Way, WC1.* Mar 21.

Manon Lescaut, conductor Williams, concert performance by Chelsea Opera Group, with Janice Cairns, Lanceford Roberts, Robert Dean, Tom McDonnell. *Logan Hall.* Mar 24.

MUSICA NEL CHIOSTRO, Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6:

Euridice by Jacopo Peri & Stephen Oliver, conductor Kraemer, director Graham Vick, designers Yolanda Sonnabend & Richard Hudson, with Kate Flowers, Robert Dean, Colin Iveson, Robin Martin Oliver, Susan Moore. Mar 4, 7, 8.

SINGERS COMPANY, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

La Perichole, conductor Watson, director Peter Knapp, with Eirian James, Mike Bulman, Richard Suart. Mar 23, 24, 27.

Orpheus in the Underworld, conductor Watson, director Peter Knapp, with David Fieldsend, Ann Mackay, Martin McEvoy, Alan Watt, Evette Davis. Mar 25, 26, 28.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA on tour:

Orfeo, new production, **La vie Parisienne**, **Cinderella**, **Ariadne auf Naxos**, new production, **The Turn of the Screw**.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Mar 11-Apr 4.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH, Grand Theatre, Leeds:

Tosca, **Oedipus Rex** & **Les Mamelles de Tirésias**, **The Magic Flute**. Mar 23-Apr 4.

KENT OPERA on tour:

Così fan tutte, **Falstaff**. *Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells.* Mar 12-14.

Così fan tutte, **Falstaff**, **Il ballo delle Ingrate** & **Venus and Adonis**. *Theatre Royal, York.* Mar 17-21

Theatre Royal, Norwich. Mar 24-28

Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Mar 31-Apr 4.

SCOTTISH OPERA, Theatre Royal, Glasgow:

La traviata. Mar 11, 14, 17, 19, 21.

On tour:

La Bohème, **Lucia di Lammermoor**, **The Barber of Seville**.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool. Mar 24-28.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:

Die Frau ohne Schatten, **Rodelinda**, **The Marriage of Figaro**, **Tosca**.

New Theatre, Cardiff. Feb 21-Mar 7.

The Cunning Little Vixen, **Die Frau ohne Schatten**, **Rodelinda**.

Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Rd, London W1. Mar 10-14.

The Barber of Seville, **Tosca**, **Rodelinda**, **Die Frau ohne Schatten**.

New Theatre, Oxford. Mar 17-21.

The Marriage of Figaro, **Tosca**, **The Barber of Seville**, **Die Frau ohne Schatten**.

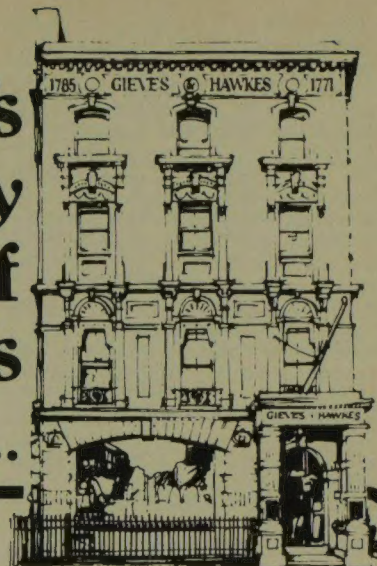
Coventry Theatre, Coventry. Mar 24-28.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:
New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Coldstream Guards, conductor Nash; Yonty Solomon, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. Mar 1, 7.30pm.
London Symphony Orchestra, London Choral Society, conductor Pritchard; Isobel Buchanan, soprano; Mary King, mezzo-soprano; Adrian Thompson, tenor; Thomas Allen, baritone. Mozart, Vesperae Solemnnes de Confessore; Brahms, Ein deutsches Requiem. Mar 7, 7.30pm.
Daniel Barenboim, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas. Mar 8, 7.30pm.
English Baroque Orchestra & Choir, London Oriana Choir, conductor Lovett; Teresa Cahill, soprano; Norma Procter, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, bass. Handel, Messiah. Mar 13, 7.30pm.
London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Abbado; Mirella Freni, soprano; Lucia Valentini-Terrani, mezzo-soprano; Jose Carreras, tenor; Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass. Verdi, Requiem Mass. Mar 17, 7.30pm.
London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Krips; David Nolan, violin. Mozart, Serenade Eine kleine Nachtmusik, Rondo in C for Violin & Orchestra; Schubert, Symphony No 8 (Unfinished). Mar 20, 27, 7.45pm.
Ernest Read Symphony Orchestra, conductor Lovett; Wendy Eathorne, soprano; Neil Mackie, tenor; Ian Caddy, bass. Haydn, The Creation. Mar 22, 7.30pm.
CAMDEN FESTIVAL
Hampstead Choral Society, conductor Sidwell. Vaughan Williams, Mozart, Kodaly. *Hampstead Church, Church Row, NW3*. Mar 14, 8pm.
Festival Jazz Week. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1. Mar 16-21, 7.30pm.
Monica Huggett, baroque violin; **Sarah Cunningham**, viola da gamba; **Robert Woolley**, harpsichord. Bach, Couperin, Leclair. *Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq, WC1*. Mar 17, 7.30pm.
New London Consort, director Pickett. Medieval music of the 13th, 14th & 15th centuries. *Grays Inn Hall, South Sq, WC1*. Mar 19, 7.30pm.
Evelyn Barbirolli, oboe; **Iris Loveridge**, piano. Widerkehr, Beethoven, Schumann, Moeran, Head, Donizetti. *Burgh House, New End Sq, NW3*. Mar 20, 7.30pm.
Camden Choir, conductor Williamson. C.P.E. Bach, J.C. Bach, J.L. Bach. *St Pancras Church, Euston Rd, NW1*. Mar 21, 8pm.
Divertimenti, conductor Kraemer. C.P.E. Bach, J.S. Bach, Villa-Lobos, Bartók, Maw. *Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Rosslyn Hill, NW3*. Mar 22, 8pm.
Susan Drake, harp. Dussek, Glinka, Faive, Hasselmans, Parish-Alvars, Mathias, Grandjany, Guridi. *Lauderdale House, Waterlow Pk, Highgate Hill, N6*. Mar 26, 7.30pm.
Highgate Choral Society, conductor Wright. Schubert, Bruckner. *St Michael's Church, South Grove, N6*. Mar 28, 8pm.
ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:
Janina Fialkowska, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in C Op 2 No 3; Chopin, Ballade in A flat Op 47, Nocturne in C minor Op 48 No 1, Scherzo in C sharp minor Op 39. Mar 2, 1pm.
New Mozart Orchestra, conductor Fairbairn; John Lill, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 23 K181, Piano Concerto No 20 K466; Rossini, String Sonata No 1; Haydn, Symphony No 95. Mar 3, 7.30pm.
Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor Lubbock; Heinz Holliger, oboe. Sammartini, Symphony in G, Symphony in D; Bach, Concerto for Oboe, Concerto for Oboe d'Amore; Pergolesi, Concerto Armonico No 3; Arensky, Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky. Mar 4, 7.30pm.
Nash Ensemble, **Sarah Walker**, mezzo-soprano; **Ian Brown**, piano; **Marcia Cryfford**, violin. Spring series: Music from France 1850-1950: Saint-Saëns, Tarantelle; Knussen, Cantata for Oboe & String Trio; Fauré, La bonne chanson; Chausson, Concerto for Piano, Violin & String Quartet. Mar 5; **Nash Ensemble**, conductor Friend. Roussel, Divertissement for Piano & Wind Quintet; Debussy, Danse sacrée et danse profane for harp & strings; Ravel, Piano Trio; Bainbridge, Chamber Music; Satie/arr Muldowney, Sports et divertissements for narrator & chamber ensemble. Mar 12, 7.30pm.
Coro Capella, conductor Turner; Ian Partridge, tenor; David Thomas, bass. Davy, Passion; Taverner, Missa Gloria tibi Trinitas. Mar 8, 7.30pm.
City of London Sinfonia, **Richard Hickox Singers**, conductor Hickox; Ann Murray, Dido; Stephen

Varcoe, Aeneas; Marie McLaughlin, Belinda; Elizabeth Lane, Second Woman; Claire Livingstone, Sorcerer; Fiona Kimm, Second Witch. Purcell, Dido & Aeneas. Mar 9, 1pm.
City of London Sinfonia, **St Margaret's Westminster Singers**, conductor Hickox; Ian Partridge, tenor; Stephen Varcoe, baritone; Simon Standage, violin; Gareth Hulse, oboe. Bach, Cantata No 42, Concerto in D minor for Violin & Oboe; Schütz, Passion According to St Matthew. Mar 11, 7.30pm.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Friend; Stephen Pruslin, piano. Hopkins, The Magic Mountain. Mar 16, 7.30pm.
Alfred Brendel, piano. Schumann, Fantasy pieces Op 12; Liszt, La lugubre gondola, Two legends. Mar 23, 1pm.
Hélène Gagné, cello; **Ian Brown**, piano. Willan, Sonata No 2; Bach, Suite No 3 for Solo Cello; Mayuzumi, Bunraku; Rachmaninov, Sonata for Cello & Piano Op 19. Mar 24, 7.30pm.
Cleveland Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in D (The Lark); Bartók, Quartet No 6. Mar 30, 1pm.
SOUTH BANK, SE1:
(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)
Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Dutoit; Pierre Amoyal, violin. Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto; Stravinsky, The Firebird. Mar 1, 3.15pm. **FH**.
London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Berglund; Ida Haendel, violin; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. Elgar, Violin Concerto; Sibelius, Luonnatar, Symphony No 1. Mar 1, 7.30pm. **FH**.
Philippe Entremont, piano. Mozart, Sonata in A K331; Beethoven, Sonata in E flat Op 31 No 3; Schumann, Papillons; Brahms, Variations & Fugue on a Theme of Handel. Mar 1, 3pm. **EH**.
Monteverdi Orchestra, conductor Gardiner; Mincho Minchev, violin. Mozart, Symphony No 35 (Haffner), Violin Concerto in G K216; Bartók, Rhapsody No 1 for Violin & Orchestra, Divertimento, Music for Strings, Percussion & Celesta. Mar 1, 7.15pm. **EH**.
Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, conductor Segal; Emanuel Ax, piano. Chopin, Piano Concerto No 1; Tchaikovsky, Manfred Symphony. Mar 2, 8pm. **FH**.
Pablo Cano, harpsichord. Duphy, Six Pieces; Balbastre, Four Pieces; Bach, Partita No 6 in E minor BWV830. Mar 2, 7.30pm. **PR**.
Itzhak Perlman, violin; **Bruno Canino**, piano. Mozart Sonata in A K526; Strauss, Sonata for Violin & Piano; Debussy, Sonata for Violin & Piano; Sarasate, Pieces. Mar 3, 8pm. **FH**.
Bach organ festival: Piet Kee, Mar 4; **Jane Parker-Smith**, Mar 11; **George McPhee**, Mar 18; **John Scott**, Mar 25; 5.55pm. **FH**.
London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. Mozart, Symphony No 40, Al desio di chi t'adora K577; Haydn, Arianna a Naxos; Beethoven, Symphony No 4. Mar 4, 8pm. **FH**.
London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Rostropovich; Ruggiero Ricci, violin. Brahms, Violin Concerto; Dutilleux, Timbres, Space, Movement; Bizet, Incidental music L'Arlésienne. Mar 5, 8pm. **FH**.
Nikita Magaloff, piano. Markevich, Variations & Fugue on a Theme of Handel; Schumann, Carnaval; Chopin, Twelve Etudes Op 10. Mar 5, 7.45pm. **EH**.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Chailly; Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano. Berlioz, Les nuits d'été; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 5. Mar 6, 8pm. **FH**.
Emil Gilels, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas in D Op 10 No 3, in E flat Op 81a (Les Adieux), in E minor Op 90, Variations & Fugue in E flat on a Theme from Prometheus, Sonata in G Op 79. Mar 8, 3.15pm. **FH**.
Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor von Maticic; Helen Donath, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Keith Lewis, tenor; Richard Van Allan, bass. Dvorak, Te Deum; Bruckner, Mass in F minor. Mar 8, 7.30pm. **FH**.
Gillian Weir, organ & harpsichord. Couperin, Works for harpsichord; Bach, Vivaldi/Bach, Works for organ. Mar 8, 3pm. **EH**.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller; Lynn Harrell, cello. Dvorak, Cello Concerto, Symphony No 8. Mar 10, 8pm. **FH**.
John O'Connor, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas in C minor (Pathétique), in E flat Op 31 No 3, in C (Waldstein), Six Bagatelles Op 126. Mar 10, 7.45pm. **EH**.
John Henry, harpsichord. Froberger, Purcell, Couperin, Bach, Scarlatti. Mar 10, 7.30pm. **PR**.
English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Mackeras; Paul Neubauer, viola; Neil Black, oboe. Stravinsky, Concerto in D flat (Dumbarton

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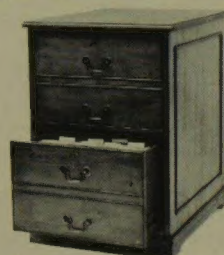
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Oaks); Martinu, Oboe Concerto; Jacob, Viola Concerto No 2; Strauss, Le bourgeois gentilhomme. Mar 11, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor C. Davis; Jessye Norman, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor. Mahler, Adagio from Symphony No 10, Das Lied von der Erde. Mar 13, 8pm. *FH*.

BBC Concert Orchestra, Leicester Philharmonic Choir, conductor Lawrence; Janet Costa, Marilyn Hill-Smith, Vernon Midgley, Neil Howlett, Ian Wallace. Opera "Iolipops" including overtures, arias, ensembles & choruses by Verdi, Puccini, Bizet, Wagner, Mozart. Mar 14, 8pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Lopez-Cobos; Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. Prokofiev, Sinfonia Concertante Op 125 for Cello & Orchestra; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 4. Mar 15, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller; Garrick Ohlsson, piano. Strauss, Till Eulenspiegel; Liszt, Piano Concerto No 2; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade. Mar 15, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Jorge Bolet, piano. Mendelssohn, Prelude & Fugue in E minor Op 35 No 1; Franck, Prélude, Choral et Fugue; Weber/Godowsky, Invitation to the Dance; Chopin, Andante Spianato & Grande Polonaise, Sonata in B minor Op 58. Mar 15, 3pm. *EH*.

Pro Opera Orchestra, London Student Choral, conductor Head; Bruce Brewer, Sandra Hahn, Terence Sharpe, John Tranter, Angela Hickey, Lynn Barber, Douglas Tyers, Wyndham Parfitt. Bellini, Bianca e Fernando (Concert performance in Italian). Mar 15, 7.15pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Maazel; Lynn Harrell, cello. Elgar, Introduction & Allegro for Strings, Cello Concerto; Vaughan Williams, Symphony No 5. Mar 17, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, Pinchas Zukerman, conductor & violin. Mendelssohn, Overture, Nocturne, Scherzo & Wedding March from A Midsummer Night's Dream, Symphony No 4 (Italian), Violin Concerto in E minor. Mar 18, 8pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Maazel; Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. Premru, Symphony; Bruch, Violin Concerto No 1; Dvorak, Symphony No 7. Mar 19, 8pm. *FH*.

Charles Rosen, piano. Schumann, Waldscenen Op 82, Sonata in F sharp minor Op 11, Davidsbündlertänze Op 60. Mar 19, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell; Barbara Hill, harpsichord. Purcell, The Gordian Knot Untied; Bach, Harpsichord Concerto in E BWV1053, Brandenburg Concerto No 6, Suite No 3. Mar 20, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Boskovsky. Suppé, Strauss, Offenbach, Viennese evening. Mar 22, 3.15pm; Mar 28, 8pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, conductor Solti; Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin; Lucia Popp, Felicity Lott, sopranos; Robin Leggate, tenor; Robert Lloyd, bass. Mozart, Violin Concerto in D K218, Mass in C minor K427. Mar 22, 7.30pm; Mar 24, 8pm. *FH*.

Fou Ts'ong, piano. Mozart, Fantasia in D minor K397, Sonata in C K330; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat Op 110; Debussy, Suite Bergamasque; Chopin, Nocturne in C sharp minor Op posth, Three Mazurkas Op 59, Ballade No 3 in A flat Op 47. Mar 22, 3pm. *EH*.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Josefowitz; Bernard Roberts, piano. Beethoven, German Dances, Piano Concerto No 1, Rondo in B flat for Piano & Orchestra, Symphony No 1. Mar 23, 7.45pm. *EH*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Sylvia Sass, soprano; John Mitchinson, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, baritone. Bartók, Cantata Profana, The Wooden Prince; Bartók/Kodály, Five Songs. Mar 25, 8pm. *FH*.

György Pauk, violin; **Peter Frankl**, piano; **Janet Hilton**, clarinet. Bartók, Sonatas Nos 1 & 2 for Violin & Piano, Contrasts for Clarinet, Violin & Piano; Bartók/Orszagh, Hungarian Folksongs for Violin & Piano. Mar 25, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Vonk; Christiane Eda-Pierre, soprano; Anthony Goldstone, piano. Mozart, Serenade No 6 K239 (Serenata Notturna), Ch'io scordi di te K505, Bella mia fiamma K528; Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique. Mar 26, 8pm. *FH*.

Jeremy Menuhin, piano. Bartók, Sonata (1926); Brahms, Three Intermezzi in C sharp minor: Op 117 No 3, Op 118 Nos 2 & 6, Capriccio in B minor Op 76 No 2; Debussy, Estampes, L'isle joyeuse; Beethoven, Sonata. Mar 26, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Mozart Players, Royal Choral Society,

conductor M. Davies; Janet Price, soprano; Patricia Payne, mezzo-soprano; Tay Cheng-Jim, counter-tenor; Philip Gelling, baritone. Prokofiev, Alexander Nevsky; Orff, Carmina Burana. Mar 27, 8pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor M-W. Chung; Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. Rimsky-Korsakov, The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh; Sibelius, Violin Concerto; Rachmaninov, Symphony No 1. Mar 29, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Schubert, Drei Klavierstücke D946, Twelve Ländler D790; Beethoven, Sonatas in E Op 109, in C minor Op 111. Mar 29, 3pm. *EH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, Pinchas Zukerman, conductor, violin & viola. Stravinsky, Concerto in D for String Orchestra; Mozart, Violin Concerto in A K219; Hindemith, Trauermusik for Viola & String Orchestra; Haydn, Symphony No 85 (La Reine). Mar 30, 8pm. *FH*.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1: **Yolande Wrigley**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata Op 2 No 3; Leighton, Conflict—Fantasy on two themes Op 51; Chopin, Nocturne in B Op 62 No 1; Debussy, Images Book 2; Tchaikovsky, Dumka Op 59. Mar 2, 7.30pm.

Eugenia Zukerman, flute; **Lisa Emenheiser**, piano. Debussy, Syrinx; Hindemith, Sonata; Bach, Sonata in B minor; Larsen, Ulloa's Ring; Mozart, Andante in C K315; Dutilleul, Sonatine. Mar 5, 7.30pm.

Dorothy Dorow, soprano; **Peter Pettinger**, piano. Poulenc, Debussy, Milhaud, Dallapiccola, Osborne, Gerhard, Bussotti, Songs. Mar 6, 7.30pm.

Academica Quartet of Rumania. Enesco, Quartet No 2 in G; Dvorak, Quartet No 8 in E; Schubert, Quartet in D minor (Death & the Maiden). Mar 7, 7.30pm.

Marisa Robles, harp. Handel, Cardon, Beethoven, Naderman, Pierné, Mozart, Chopin, Godefrid, Hasselmans, Guridi. Mar 8, 7.30pm.

Yan Pascal Tortelier, violin; **Maria de la Pau**, piano. Fauré, Sonata No 1 in A; Ravel, Sonata in G; Franck, Sonata in A. Mar 11, 7.30pm.

Thalia Myers, piano. Handel, Suite in E minor; Beethoven, Sonata Op 22; Salter, Perspectives 1-5; Hoddinott, Sonata No 6; Elgar, Skizze, In Smyrna; Chopin, Sonata in B flat minor Op 35. Mar 14, 3.30pm.

Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano; **Craig Sheppard**, piano. Handel, Haydn, Prokofiev, Arias; Brahms, Wolf, Prokofiev, Rachmaninov, Songs. Mar 17, 7.30pm.

John Ogdon, piano. Schubert, Four Impromptus Op 90; Greig, Album Leaves Op 28; Scriabin, Eight Studies Op 42; Suber, Captain Secktenburger's Space Patrol; Chopin, Four Mazurkas; Liszt, Reminiscences of Don Giovanni. Mar 18, 7.30pm.

Schubert Festival: Melos Quartet of Stuttgart. Schubert, Quartets No 1, No 9 in G minor, No 15 in G. Mar 20; **Melos Quartet**; **Peter Frankl**, piano; **Rodney Slatford**, double bass. Schubert, Quartets No 11 in E, No 13 in A minor; Piano Quintet in A (The Trout). Mar 21; **Melos Quartet**. Schubert, Quartets No 4 in C, No 8 in B flat, No 14 in D minor (Death & the Maiden). Mar 23; **Melos Quartet**, **Hans Häublein**, cello. Schubert, Quartets No 10 in E flat, No 12 in C minor (Quartettssatz), String Quintet in C Op 163. Mar 25; 7.30pm.

Raphael Wallfisch, cello; **Richard Markham**, piano. Mendelssohn, Variations concertantes Op 17; R. Strauss, Poulenc, Kabalevsky, Sonatas for cello & piano. Mar 24, 7.30pm.

Régine Crespin, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Schumann, Frauenliebe und Leben; Debussy, Le promenoir de deux amants; Satie, La statue de bronze, La diva de l'empire, L'omnibus automobile; Schumann, Britten, Bridge, Songs. Mar 27, 7.30pm.

Peter Frankl, piano; **György Pauk**, violin; **Ralph Kirshbaum**, cello. Mozart, Piano Trio in E K542; Shostakovich, Piano Trio in E minor; Dvorak, Piano Trio in F minor. Mar 28, 7.30pm.

Brahms series: Tamas Veszteg, piano. Brahms, Two Rhapsodies Op 79, Eight Klavierstücke Op 76, Four Klavierstücke Op 119, Sonata in F sharp minor Op 2. Mar 31, 7.30pm.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Animation. Original artwork from animation companies & directors, also cels & video films. *Neal Street Gallery*, 56 Neal St, WC2. Mar 26-Apr 11, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm. **Edward Ardizzone 1900-79**, drawings & watercolours including loans from the Imperial War Museum. *New Grafton Gallery*, 42 Old Bond St, W1. Until Mar 18, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

Art from Africa. Major exhibition of over 300 works of contemporary African art. *Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8*. Until Apr 5, Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.

Asante: Kingdom of Gold. Silks, carvings, gold regalia & jewelry from 19th-century Ghana & the lifestyle of the Asante people. *Museum of Man-kind, Burlington Gdns, W1*. Until 1982. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Asian Art: new acquisitions 1970-80. MSS, miniatures, scrolls & paintings from India, China & Japan. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Apr 12, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Val Barry, Peter Beard, Dorothy Feibleman, Peter Meanley, recent work. *The Craftsmen Potters' Shop, Marshall St, W1*. Mar 24-Apr 4, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-5pm.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. Until Apr 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. 60p.

British Watercolours 1800-1900. New selection of watercolours including works by Varley, De Wint, Holman Hunt, Orrock, F. Walker. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until end Mar. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

A. W. Calcott RA, 1779-1844. Landscapes & marine paintings by Turner's associate. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Until Mar 29, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, SW1*. Until mid 1981, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until May 5, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The changing face of the British pop scene. Photographs by Harry Hammond & Gered Mankowitz. *Photographers' Gallery, 8 Gt Newport St, WC2*. Mar 5-28, Mon-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm.

Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptor of the great, 1781-1841. Busts & statues of great figures of the early 19th century. *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2*. Until Mar 15, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm. Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

COLEX 81. Camping & Outdoor Leisure Exhibition. *Battersea Park, SW11*. Mar 20-29, Mon-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun until 7pm. £1.25.

Contemporary watercolours. Major selling exhibition of 700 works showing the British scene & landscape portrayed by major artists. *Mall Galleries, The Mall, SW1*. Mar 7-29, daily 10am-5pm. 50p.

Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition. *Earl's Court, SW5*. Mar 10-Apr 4, Mon-Sat 10am-9pm. £2 (£1.50 after 5pm).

Honoré Daumier 1808-79. The Armand Hammer collection of lithographs, bronzes, drawings, watercolours & oils depicting 19th-century Parisian life. *Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Until Mar 15, daily 10am-6pm. £1.50.

Drawing: technique & purpose. Work of artists & designers from the tenth century to recent times, including drawings by Tintoretto, Rembrandt & Gainsborough. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Apr 26.

Drawings & prints 1700-1850, including works by Fragonard, Boucher, Liotard & Tiepolo. *Colnaghi & Co, 14 Old Bond St, W1*. Until Mar 13, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

George Eliot. Exhibition of books & MSS in commemoration of the centenary of her death. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Apr 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Gentle Eye, 30 years of Press photographs by Jane Bown of "The Observer". *National Portrait Gallery*. Until Mar 29.

Ruth Harris, tapestries. *British Crafts Centre, 43 Earlham St, WC2*. Until Mar 14, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Hille: 75 years of British furniture-making. Major exhibition demonstrating the growth of the company's influence on the modern furniture industry. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Mar 4-May 31. 50p.

The Home Video Show. Television & video recorders, cameras & tapes. *Cunard International Hotel, W6*. Mar 12-16, Thurs-Mon 10.30am-8.30pm, Sun until 6pm. £1.

Edward Hopper, the art & the artist. Paintings, drawings & watercolours by America's realist painter. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Until Mar 29, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50 (also admits to William Johnstone exhibition).

Jakobshavn—a town in Greenland. Present-day

life on Greenland's west coast. *Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23*. Mar 7-May 31, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Jasper Johns, working proofs of graphic work. *Tate Gallery*. Until Mar 22. 60p.

William Johnstone, Arts Council retrospective containing paintings, plasters, sculptures & lithographs. *Hayward Gallery*. Until Mar 29. £1.50 (also admits to Edward Hopper exhibition).

William Johnstone. Paintings & drawings from 1943-1980. *Moir Kelly Fine Art, 97 Essex Rd, N1*. Until Mar 14, Tues-Sat 11am-6pm.

Mick Kelly, paintings. *Woodlands Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3*. Feb 28-Mar 31, Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Christopher Kent, abstract paintings. *Woodlands Gallery*. Feb 28-Mar 31.

Maugham Collection of theatrical paintings. New permanent exhibition of oils & watercolours presented by W. Somerset Maugham to the National Theatre. *National Theatre foyers, South Bank, SE1*. Mon-Sat 10am-1pm.

Michael & Doreen Musket tenth anniversary exhibition. The Musketts explain & demonstrate over 100 ancient & traditional musical instruments. *Lyre Room, Royal Festival Hall (Waterloo entrance), South Bank, SE1*. Mar 14, 15, 1.30-7pm (last admission 6pm). 50p.

Nature Stored, Nature Studied: collection, curation & research. Centenary exhibition showing the growth of the Museum's collections. *Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until end 1981, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The New Spirit in Painting. Major exhibition of international contemporary painting by 39 artists, including Warhol, Stella, Freud, Kitaj & Hockney. *Royal Academy*. Until Mar 18. £2.

Painting from Nature, the tradition of open-air oil sketching from 17th to 19th centuries. *Royal Academy*. Until Mar 15. £1.

Patchwork. 31 traditional and modern designs by the Quilters' Guild. *Seven Dials Gallery, 52 Earlham St, WC2*. Mar 17-Apr 1, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 50p.

Picasso graphics. Arts Council exhibition of 120 original prints selected by Dr Christopher Green of the Courtauld Institute. *French Institute, Queensberry Pl, SW7*. Until Apr 1, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Mon until 8pm.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec.

Second Sight: Rubens's "The Watering Place" ("A Shepherd with his Flock in a Woody Landscape") & Gainsborough's "The Watering Place" compared & contrasted. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2*. Until Apr 12, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

William Strang 1859-1921. Exhibition in association with the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, of paintings & etchings by this realist. *National Portrait Gallery*. Mar 27-June 28.

Tapestries for the Nation: acquisitions 1970-80, including one made for Charles I & works from designs by contemporary artists. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until end 1981.

Tribute to Anna Pavlova, small exhibition of photographs & costumes marking the centenary of the Russian ballerina's birth & 50th anniversary of her death. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Until Mar 22, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

William Turnbull, 14 recent small sculptures. *Waddington II, 34 Cork St, W1*. Mar 4-28, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Vivat Österreich! Austro-Hungarian graphics of the Great War. *Imperial War Museum*. Until Apr 5.

Donald Wilkinson, "Northern Horizons", etchings. *Anderson O'Day, 5 St Quintin Ave, W10*. Mar 17-Apr 10, Mon-Sat 10.30am-5pm.

Yugoslav Prints by 11 leading Yugoslav artists. *Tate Gallery*. Feb 25-Apr 20.

Antiques fairs

Antiques Fair. *The Bull, Olney, Bucks*. Mar 1.

Chelsea Antiques Fair. *Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3*. Mar 10-21.

Connoisseurs' Antiques Fair. *Westbury Hotel, Conduit St, W1*. Mar 15.

Aberdeen Antiques Fair. *Westhill Inn, Skene, Aberdeen*. Mar 17-19.

Antiques Fair. *Café Royal, Regent St, W1*. Mar 22.

Bath Spring Antiques Fair. *Assembly Rooms, Bath, Avon*. Mar 25-28.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:
Watercolours. Mar 4, 11am.
European oil paintings. Mar 5, 12, 19, 26, 11am.
English & Continental furniture. Mar 5, 12, 19, 26, 2.30pm.
General porcelain. Mar 6, 27, 11am.
Silver & plate. Mar 10, 24, 11am.
Modern paintings. Mar 12, 2.30pm.
Greek, Roman, medieval & modern coins. Mar 19, 20, 11am & 2.30pm.
Oriental porcelain. Mar 20, 11am.
Jewels & objects of vertu. Mar 20, 11am.
Wines. Mar 24, 11am.
Charity sale in aid of St Joseph's Hospice. Mar 25, 7pm.
Clocks, watches & scientific instruments. Mar 27, 11am.
CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1:
English & Continental ceramics. Mar 2, 11am.
Art Nouveau, Art Deco & studio pottery. Mar 3, 10.30am.
Chinese ceramics & works of art. Mar 4, 11am & 2.30pm.
Victorian pictures. Mar 6, 11am.
British & modern prints. Mar 10, 11am.
English furniture. Mar 12, 11am.
Modern British & Irish paintings, drawings & sculpture. Mar 13, 11am.
CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:
Cameras & photographic equipment. Mar 5, 2pm.
Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Mar 6, 10.30am.
Aeronautical & nautical art & literature. Mar 10, 2pm.
Scientific instruments, domestic & other machines. Mar 12, 2pm.
Cigarette cards, postcards & ephemera. Mar 20, 2pm.
19th- & 20th-century photographs. Mar 26, 10.30am & 2pm.
STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St, WC2:
British Empire stamps. Mar 5, 6, 1.30pm.
All-world stamps, historical documents & autographs. Mar 18-20, 1.30pm.
Great Britain stamps. Mar 26, 27, 1.30pm.
PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
Furniture, carpets & objects. Mar 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am.
Watercolours. Mar 2, 23, 11am.
Prints. Mar 2, 2pm.
Furniture, carpets & works of art. Mar 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 11am.
Chinese & Japanese ceramics & works of art. Mar 4, 18, 11am.
Lead soldiers & figures. Mar 4, noon.
Scientific instruments. Mar 4, 2pm.
Miniatures, fans & icons. Mar 4, 2pm.
Postage stamps: Classic Collection of Norway, Mar 5; Mrs W. Leeds' Collection of Great Britain, Mar 12; General sale, Mar 19, 26, 11am.
Silver & plate. Mar 6, 13, 20, 27, 11am.
Oil paintings. Mar 9, 16, 2pm; Mar 30, 2.30pm.
Jewelry. Mar 10, 1.30pm.
English & Continental ceramics & glass. Mar 11, 25, 11am.
Postcards. Mar 11, noon.
Books, MSS & maps. Mar 12, 1.30pm.
Ethnographical items & antiquities. Mar 17, 2pm.
Pot lids, Goss, fairings & commemorative china. Mar 25, noon.
Musical instruments. Mar 26, 11am.
Clocks & watches. Mar 31, 2pm.
SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:
Watches & scientific instruments. Mar 2, 11am & 2.30pm.
19th-century European paintings, drawings & watercolours. Mar 4, 2.30pm.
Netsuke, ceramics, lacquer & intro. Mar 4, 10.30am.
Russian paintings, drawings, watercolours & sculpture. Mar 5, 11am.
Rugs, carpets & furniture. Mar 6, 13, 20, 10am & 11am.
Wines, spirits & vintage port. Mar 6, 11am.
Books. Mar 9, 10, 16, 17, 11am.
Lipski Collection of English Delftware porcelain. Mar 10, 11am.
British Impressionist & Post-Impressionist paintings, drawings & watercolours. Mar 11, 11am.
Modern British paintings, drawings & watercolours. Mar 11, 2.30pm.
Islamic coins & related reference books. Mar 11, 10am & 2pm.

British prints. Mar 12, 11am & 2.30pm.
English pictures. Mar 18, 11am.
English drawings & watercolours. Mar 19, 2.30pm.
Silver. Mar 19, 10.30am.
Autograph letters & MSS. Mar 23, 24, 11am.
Victorian paintings. Mar 23, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
Maiolica & European porcelain. Mar 24, 10.30am.
Victorian pictures. Mar 24, 11am.
Continental paintings. Mar 25, 11am & 2.30pm.
Continental watercolours. Mar 26, 2.30pm.
Postage stamps: 1914-18 War & Cayman Islands, Mar 26; Mongolia & Rhodesia, Mar 27; All-world, Mar 30; 11am & 2pm.
Musical instruments. Mar 27, 10.30am.
Adases, maps & travel books. Mar 30, 31, 11am.
SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:
Oriental ivories, lacquer & shibayama. Mar 2, 11am & 2.30pm.
Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. Mar 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 11am.
Costumes & textiles 1500-1960. Mar 4, 11am.
Japanese ceramics, works of art & furniture. Mar 5, 11am.
French & Continental furniture, French clocks & works of art. Mar 11, 11am.
English clocks & European watches. Mar 11, 2.30pm.
Silver & plate. Mar 12, 11am.
Wines, spirits & vintage port. Mar 18, 11am.
Studio ceramics. Mar 19, 11am.
Cameras & viewers. Mar 20, 11am.
Victorian paintings & drawings. Mar 23, 7pm.
Sculpture. Mar 25, 11am.
Continental ceramics. Mar 26, 10.30am.
Photographic images & related material. Mar 27, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2:
The doll's house collection, I. Stewart. Mar 7, 3pm.
Brides & their wedding dresses, N. Marshall. Mar 14, 3pm.
Japanese costume dolls & Eastern toys, V. Wilson. Mar 21, 3pm.
BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:
George Eliot, V. Lucas. Mon-Fri 1.15pm until Apr 21.
GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
The moon through the microscope—examination of rock samples brought back from the moon by NASA astronauts. Until Mar 7, Mon-Sat half-hour sessions, bookable in advance through Education Dept.
Workshop for fossil collectors: Ordovician & Cambrian fossils. Mar 14, 2pm.
Life in the coal swamps, Dr A. Milner. Mar 20, 6.30pm.
MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:
London's river: The Thames for pleasure, A. Delgado, Mar 6; *The river that came clean*, film introduced by M. Dart, Mar 13; *The Twickenham ferries*, D. Simpson, Mar 20; *Words & pictures—a Thames anthology*, C. Sorensen, Mar 27; 1.10pm.
Workshops:
Europe's earliest spectacles—a new find from the City, M. Rhodes. Mar 5, 1.10pm.
The Phillips collection of watercolours, C. Fox. Mar 12, 1.10pm.
What the Museum collects today, C. Manton. Mar 26, 1.10pm.
NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:
Masterpieces of 16th-century painting in the National Gallery: Titian's "Death of Actaeon", Mar 6; *Tintoretto's "St George & the Dragon"*, Mar 13; *Veronese's "Family of Darius before Alexander"*, Mar 20; *Caravaggio's "Supper at Emmaus"*, Mar 27; 1pm.
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:
The artist & sitter: an illustrated reading, A. & P. Cox, Mar 7, 3.30pm; Mar 10, 1pm.
Sir Joshua Reynolds, L. Fletcher. Mar 21, 3.30pm; Mar 24, 1pm.
ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1:
The daffodil as a garden flower, M. Jefferson-Brown. Mar 17, 2.30pm.
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:
Alternative sources of energy: Wind energy, Dr P. Musgrove, Mar 2; *Wave energy: problems &*

solutions, S. Salter, Mar 9; *Progress & prospects in nuclear fusion*, Dr R. Pease, Mar 16; 6pm.
The encroachment of dirigisme on the development of arts and science, Prof Sir G. Allen. Mar 4, 6pm.
A community of Parliamentarians, Sir R. Vanderfelt. Mar 10, 6pm.
Ideals & industry, The Hon A. Butler. Mar 11, 6pm.
Preserving film & television, A. Smith. Mar 25, 6pm.
Admission by ticket free in advance from the Secretary.
SOUTH BANK, SE1:
Celebrities on the South Bank: 5, Sir Charles Mackerras talks to F. Aprahamian, Mar 10, £2; 6, Giuseppe di Stefano talks to A. Stassinopoulous, Mar 21, £2; 7, Sir Georg Solti talks to J. Drummond, Mar 31, £2.50; 6.15pm. RFH Waterloo Room.
Bartók as folklorist, A. Lloyd. Mar 26, 7.30pm. £1. Purcell Room.
Concert platform: Stravinsky's Concerto in D for strings, Mozart's Violin Concerto in A, Hindemith's Trauermusik, R. North. Mar 30, 5.55pm. 80p. RFH Waterloo Room. (These works will be performed in the Festival Hall the same evening.)
TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:
Triptychs past & present, L. Bradbury. Mar 1, 3pm.
R. B. Kitaj & English painting, C. Lowenthal. Mar 2, 1pm.
Constable's letters: a reading, C. Lowenthal & G. Cohen. Mar 4, 1pm.
William Blake, S. Wilson. Mar 7, 3pm.
English painters of romantic fantasy, S. Wilson. Mar 8, 3pm.
Expressionism in the North, M. Ellis. Mar 9, 1pm.
De Chirico the metaphysician, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Mar 10, 1pm.
Early English portraits: Hilliard to Mytens, Mar 11; Van Dyck to Lely, Mar 17; S. Wilson. 1pm.
Van Gogh's use of colour, L. Bradbury. Mar 14, 3pm.
Cézanne's sense of form, L. Bradbury. Mar 15, 3pm.
The abstract fantasy of Cohen & Stephenson, P. Turner. Mar 18, 1pm.
Stubbs & the sporting painters, S. Wilson. Mar 19, 1pm.
Sargent's portraits, M. Slee. Mar 20, 1pm.
The problem of abstract art, L. Bradbury. Mar 21, 3pm.
The significant accident in art, L. Bradbury. Mar 22, 3pm.
Max Ernst—the Compleat Surrealist, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Mar 24, 1pm.
The symbolic world of Paul Nash, P. Turner. Mar 25, 1pm.
Gainsborough's "Musidora"—an erotic past-oral, S. Wilson. Mar 27, 1pm.
Paul Gauguin "art is an abstraction", L. Bradbury, Mar 28, 3pm.
English conversation portraits, L. Bradbury. Mar 29, 3pm.
Ben Nicholson, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Mar 31, 1pm.
VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:
The art of conservation: The restoration of Bernini's "Neptune & Triton", J. Larson, Mar 1; *Ceramic restoration*, J. Larney, Mar 8; *The conservation of state beds*, S. Landi, Mar 15; 3.30pm.
House style: Laura Ashley, the romantic revival, Members of Laura Ashley's staff. Mar 3, 1.15pm.
The art of drawing: Oriental drawing, P. Rawson, Mar 4; *Medieval drawings*, Dr M. Evans, Mar 11; *The Academy*, Prof Q. Bell, Mar 18; *Technical drawing*, K. Baynes, Mar 25; 1.15pm.
Upholstery in 18th-century England, K. Walton. Mar 5, 6.30pm.
Music in London, 1550-1750: Byrd & Tallis, gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, Mar 24; Purcell & the Restoration court, Mar 31; C. Patey, 1.15pm.
Imagining Shakespeare, Prof S. Orgel. Mar 26, 6.30pm.
Gallery talks:
The complete works: John Constable, Room 9, D. Froome, Mar 1; *The ceramic staircase*, Room 11, G. Opie, Mar 8; *Renaissance bronzes*, Room 12, J. Compton, Mar 15; *Della Robbia sculptures*, Rooms 13 & 14, S. Jones, Mar 22; *The William Morris*, off Room 13, J. Compton, Mar 29; 3.30pm.
Baroque splendour, S. Bowles. Mar 7, noon.
18th-century English porcelain, A. Gabszewicz. Mar 7, 3pm.
Drawing: technique & purpose. Mar 12, 1.15pm.
Chinese silk, V. Wilson. Mar 14, 3pm.
Opus Anglicanum, P. Wallis. Mar 21, noon.
Charles Rennie Mackintosh, J. Porter. Mar 21,

3pm.
The Devonshire hunting tapestries, R. Lambert. Mar 28, noon.
WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, W1:
An introduction to Apsley House, F. Taylor. Mar 19, 1.15pm.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
FA Cup, 6th round. Mar 7.
Home Internationals:
England v Spain, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx. Mar 25.
England v Northern Ireland (Schoolboys), Wembley Stadium. Mar 28.
London home matches:
Arsenal v Birmingham City, Mar 14; v Liverpool, Mar 28.
Charlton Athletic v Barnsley, Mar 7; v Swindon Town, Mar 21.
Chelsea v Bolton Wanderers, Mar 7; v Blackburn Rovers, Mar 21.
Crystal Palace v Sunderland, Mar 14; v Leeds United, Mar 28.
Fulham v Gillingham, Mar 14; v Newport County, Mar 28.
Millwall v Reading, Mar 7; v Barnsley, Mar 21.
Orient v Queen's Park Rangers, Mar 14; v Sheffield Wednesday, Mar 28.
Queen's Park Rangers v Blackburn Rovers, Mar 7; v Derby County, Mar 21.
Tottenham Hotspur v Stoke City, Mar 7; v Aston Villa, Mar 21.
West Ham v Newcastle United, Mar 7; v Oldham Athletic, Mar 21.
Wimbledon v Tranmere Rovers, Mar 7; v Hereford United, Mar 21.
ATHLETICS
English cross-country Championships, Parliament Hill, NW1. Mar 7.
International cross-country Championships, Madrid. Mar 28.
London Marathon, start Greenwich Meridian, SE10; finish Buckingham Palace, SW1. Mar 29.
BADMINTON
John Player All-England Championships, Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx. Mar 25-29.
BASKETBALL
National Championships, Wembley Arena. Mar 13, 14.
FENCING
At the de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14:
Challenge Martini International Epee. Mar 7, 8.
Desprez Cup, ladies' foil. Mar 14, 15.
Epee Championship. Mar 21, 22.
HOCKEY
Scotland v England (women), Aberdeen. Mar 7.
Wales v Ireland (women), Cardiff. Mar 7.
Rank Xerox Indoor Club Championship final (men), Crystal Palace, SE19. Mar 13.
England v Wales (women), Wembley Stadium. Mar 21.
Rank Xerox County Championship final (men), venue to be arranged. Mar 22.
England v Ireland (women), Manchester. Mar 28.
Wales v Scotland (women), Llanelli. Mar 28.
HORSE RACING
Greenall Whitley Breweries' Chase, Haydock Park. Mar 7.
Victor Ludorum Hurdle, Haydock Park. Mar 7.
Philip Cornes Saddle of Gold Hurdle, Newbury. Mar 7.
Imperial Cup Handicap Hurdle, Sandown Park. Mar 14.
Waterford Crystal Champion Hurdle Challenge Trophy, Cheltenham. Mar 17.
Sun Alliance Chase & Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother Champion Chase, Cheltenham. Mar 18.
Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup Chase & Daily Express Triumph Hurdle, Cheltenham. Mar 19.
William Hill Lincoln Handicap, Doncaster. Mar 28.
ROWING
Head of the River Race, Mortlake, SW14 to Putney, SW15. Mar 28.
RUGBY UNION
Ireland v England, Dublin. Mar 7.
France v Wales, Paris. Mar 7.
England v France, Twickenham. Mar 21.
Scotland v Ireland, Murrayfield. Mar 21.
SQUASH
ISPA Championships finals, Bangor, Co Down, NI. Mar 5-14.
Perrier Inter-County Championships finals, Pontefract, W Yorks. Mar 15.
Audi British Open Championships, Bromley, Kent. Mar 30-Apr 9.



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The middle ground

The British two-party system has often been under attack but has never yet succumbed to pressures to break it up. Historically the odds must be against the attempt by the Council for Social Democracy to change the traditional pattern of British politics, though it can be argued that circumstances this time are different. In the past perhaps the best protection of the two-party system has been the tolerance of the two parties. Each has been able and willing to accommodate within its structure a wide range of political views, and to pursue when in power policies which were not so extreme as to lose the general support of a majority or near-majority of the people. This situation has now changed, it is said, because both political parties have moved towards their extremes, the Conservative Party, now in office, pursuing monetarist policies which are more doctrinaire than their moderate, middle-of-the-road supporters would wish, though it must be observed that, if this is so, the moderates in Parliament are currently keeping very quiet about their concern—perhaps because they are indeed wet, as Mrs Thatcher has suggested, though more probably because they do not wish to rock the boat while the party is in office. The Labour Party out of office has no such inhibitions; the boat has been rocked to the point where a number of influential members are scrambling to get out.

The initiative was taken by Roy Jenkins, former Deputy Leader of the Party, Cabinet Minister in successive Labour governments and more recently President of the European Commission, David Owen, MP, former Foreign Secretary, William Rodgers, MP, former Secretary of State for Transport, and Shirley Williams, former Secretary of State for Education and Science, when they announced the setting up of the Council for Social Democracy in preparation for the launching of a new political party. Their decision to take this step followed the special meeting of the Labour Party at Wembley on January 24, when delegates voted, against the wishes of the present leader, Michael Foot, and the National Executive Committee, to change the party's constitution so that the party leader would in future be elected annually at the party conference by an electoral college in which 40 per cent of the votes would be held by the trade unions and 30 per cent each by the party's MPs and by the constituency parties.

The so-called "Limehouse Declaration" put out by the four Labour dissidents described the outcome of the Wembley conference as calamitous. "A handful of trade union leaders can now dictate the choice of a future Prime Minister. The conference disaster is the culmination of a long process by which the Labour Party has moved steadily away from its roots in the people of this country and its commitment to

parliamentary government." The conference vote was for the culmination of a sustained campaign by the left wing of the party, who sought to reduce the power of the parliamentary party, though in giving the trade union block vote the largest say in the annual election (or dismissal) of a party leader the conference may be said merely to have recognized the reality of trade union influence in the party, which was founded by the unions at the beginning of the century and whose financial support is still almost wholly dependent on union contributions.

The policies of the proposed new party, as set out in the Limehouse Declaration (given this title because it was issued from Dr Owen's home in that part of London), are largely uncontroversial: they seek to reverse Britain's economic decline, with a healthy public and a healthy private sector "without frequent frontier changes"; to create an open, classless and more equal society, rejecting "ugly prejudices based upon sex, race or religion"; to improve the quality of public and community services; to keep Britain in the European Community, in Nato, the UN and the Commonwealth; they favour competitive public enterprise, co-operative ventures and profit-sharing; they want more decentralization of decision-making in industry and government; and they do not accept that mass unemployment is inevitable. No doubt, if asked, they would also confirm their support of the family, motherhood and better education for all, just as they are no doubt against mugging, cancer and dog nuisance on the pavements. As the basis of a manifesto it all seems geared to a fairly quiet life, designed to appeal to the middle ground, not dissimilar to the policies of the Liberal Party and not all that far away from the policies which, in practice, both major parties have tended to follow when in office.

Since issuing their declaration the four have been joined by nine Labour MPs and many former members and party supporters. But they have been slow to make the actual break with Labour and to form a new party. No doubt it has been hard for long-standing and loyal members of the party to sever the connexion, particularly when a number of like-minded and influential colleagues have made it clear that they propose to stay on and fight from within to reverse the party's current leftward drift; and there were of course problems of raising money, creating an organization and securing a solid base of support in the country. Nonetheless the hesitation may have been harmful, though opinion polls have suggested that a link between Liberals and Social Democrats would at present be electorally attractive, perhaps even sufficiently so to give them a parliamentary majority.

That situation, hypothetical as it is, may not survive till 1984, when the next general election

has to be held. Small parties do well in by-elections and in mid-term opinion polls, but the luxury of such protest voting seems to disappear when the electorate is faced with the serious business of choosing its government for the next five years. This may happen again, in which case the Social Democrats, like the Liberals, will be a negligible force in terms of Westminster power politics unless the voting between the two major parties is very close—though this is not to say that they could not, like the Liberals, provide a voice of reason and a source of good ideas which the other parties will happily plunder. However if Mr Jenkins and his colleagues are right—and there is some evidence to suggest that there is increasing dissatisfaction with the way in which the present party political system is working, stronger than just discontent with the Government and with the contortions of the Labour Party—then a political realignment has begun.

Mr Edward Bacon

Mr Edward Bacon, FSA, who was Archaeology Editor of *The Illustrated London News* for 30 years until his retirement in 1978, died at his home in Suffolk on January 13 this year.

Professor Norman Hammond, Archaeological correspondent of *The Times*, writes:

Edward Bacon's years as Archaeology Editor of the *ILN* were of great importance for the progress of the discipline in this country. For many years he was the only archaeological journalist in Britain, and while the *ILN* was a weekly magazine it was the principal medium through which important discoveries were made public. The archaeology section attained such academic respectability that it frequently appears as a source alongside articles in professional journals, and as such it was a unique combination of popular and professional publication.

One of his achievements was to carry the archaeology section, along with the magazine itself, through the transition from weekly to monthly coverage: not only was the potential number of articles reduced from 52 to a dozen a year, but the *ILN* became less of a news magazine in the sense of getting the material to the public as, or almost as, it happened. That this change still left the archaeology section with important, and in some cases exclusive, articles is a tribute to the respect that Edward Bacon had earned the magazine; that the *ILN* appointed a distinguished scholar, Dr Ann Birchall, to succeed him when he retired, and thus to maintain the archaeological tradition, is another. His election as FSA was a measure of recognition by the archaeological community that Edward Bacon had made a significant contribution to the development of the subject as a clear-minded interpreter of the often obscure and *recherché* world of the past.

Monday, January 12

The Government announced it would allow British Airways to borrow a further £85 million to meet running expenses and help overcome a £300 million shortfall in revenue.

Lambeth Council voted to impose a rates levy averaging £45 for each householder, about £140 for each small shopkeeper. The borough had debts of more than £11 million.

Tuesday, January 13

The UN-sponsored conference on Namibia held in Geneva broke up without settling a date for a ceasefire or agreement on implementation of the UN's plan for the disputed territory. The South West Africa People's Organization was to call for mandatory sanctions against South Africa.

Prison officers' leaders agreed to recommend a return to normal working after industrial action lasting three months.

Finn Olav Gundelach, the Danish EEC Commissioner for Agriculture and Fisheries, died aged 55. The Danish Minister of Agriculture, Poul Dalsager, was appointed to succeed him on January 21.

Wednesday, January 14

The British Nationality Bill, creating three new categories of citizenship, was published: British citizenship for those born in the UK to a British citizen or to a person settled in the UK; citizenship of the British Dependent Territories; and British overseas citizenship. Civil rights groups and the Labour Party were to oppose the Bill.

The General Council of British Shipping withdrew their 12 per cent increase in pay offer. The executive council of the National Union of Seamen had rejected it and decided to step up the industrial action that had already disrupted cross-Channel ferries and deep-sea cargo shipping.

Vauxhall announced plans to reduce its workforce by 5,700; plants affected would be Ellesmere Port in Cheshire, Luton and Dunstable.

Thursday, January 15

Judge Giovanni D'Urso, held captive for 33 days by Red Brigades terrorists after his kidnapping in Rome, was left bound and gagged but otherwise unhurt in a car near the ministry where he works. A 25-year-old man, believed to be a member of Red Brigades, was later held by the police.

Nine Dutch airmen were rescued from the North Atlantic, 125 miles west of Islay, and three others died after their aircraft, which had been shadowing the Soviet aircraft carrier *Kiev*, had had to ditch.

Two Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders sergeants, Stanley Hathaway and John Byrne, were jailed for life and a former lance-corporal, Iain Chestnut, was jailed for four years after the sergeants had pleaded guilty to the murder of Michael Naan and Andrew Murray, a farmer and his labourer, in Co Fermanagh in October, 1972. Captain Andrew Snowball was given a year's suspended sentence for withholding information about the killings.

Friday, January 16

Mrs Bernadette McAliskey, née Devlin, and her husband Michael were shot and severely wounded at their home in Derry/Loughan, Co Tyrone. Three men with Loyalist connexions were later charged.

In the continuing civil war in El Salvador Red Cross officials estimated at least 600 people had died in the recent fighting.

Saturday, January 17

Wales beat England by 21 points to 19 in Cardiff, and France beat Scotland by 16 points to 9 in Paris in the opening matches of the Five Nations rugby championship.

Sunday, January 18

Thirteen people died and several were severely injured in a fire, believed to have been caused by a firebomb, at a house in New Cross Road, south London. An all-night birthday party had been in progress.

The Israeli Cabinet agreed to an early general election to be held on July 7, having lost its majority in parliament.

Monday, January 19

Steel workers in the main union in the industry, the Iron and Steel Trades Federation, rejected British Steel Corporation's six-month pay freeze and survival plan in a ballot in which 51 per cent of the membership voted. In BSC's own ballot covering the entire workforce the deal had been accepted by a margin of three to one.

Prison officers in about 25 establishments rebelled against their union executive's instruction and continued industrial action. On January 23 the High Court ruled the executive's instruction to suspend industrial action had been unlawful without their having convened a special delegate conference and ordered a letter rescinding the instruction; but the order was suspended for six weeks to allow time for consultation.

Bjorn Borg of Sweden retained the Grand Prix Masters tennis title in New York, beating Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia 6-4, 6-2, 6-2.

The largest star ever discovered, some 3,500 times larger than the Sun, was located by a group of American astronomers. It lies in the Tarantula Nebula and is about 150,000 light years away.

Tuesday, January 20

President Ronald Reagan was installed as the 40th President of the United States of America. Half an hour after his inauguration the 52 American hostages who had been held in Iran since November 4, 1979, flew out on their way to freedom after lengthy negotiations.

Defence cuts announced by the Defence Secretary, John Nott, included the scrapping of the extra Lightning interceptor squadron, cancellation of the Sky Flash mark 2 air-to-air missile, selling or scrapping some of the older vessels of the Royal Navy, postponement of RAF orders of aircraft and slowing down of warship construction. The Trident missile, successor to Polaris, would be introduced as planned and the Army's new Challenger tank would also go ahead.

Wednesday, January 21

Sir Norman Stronge, 86, former Speaker of the Northern Ireland House of Commons, and his son James, 48, were shot dead and their home, Tynan Abbey, Co Armagh, set ablaze. The IRA claimed responsibility, saying the murders were reprisals for the shooting of Mrs Bernadette McAliskey and her husband on January 16.

Polish government officials and Lech Walesa, leader of the independent labour organization Solidarity, began talks to try to resolve demands by the unions, backed up by strikes, that last autumn's Gdansk agreement be implemented. In particular a 40-hour, five day week was demanded, and access to the mass media; compromises on both sides were rejected and further strikes organized countrywide, despite pleas for moderation from Lech Walesa.

Thursday, January 22

Rupert Murdoch, owner of *The Sun* and *News of the World* as well as papers in Australia and the US, would, it was announced, be the new proprietor of *The Times*, *The Sunday Times* and their supplements provided that within three weeks he could come to agreement with the staff and unions. He committed himself to maintain

editorial quality and independence.

Tate & Lyle, the sugar refiners, announced the closure of their Liverpool refinery with the loss of 1,570 jobs.

Friday, January 23

Services from Heathrow Airport were severely disrupted by a 24-hour strike by BEA ground staff in pursuit of a pay increase.

The Russians announced that the 1980 grain harvest was some 45.8 million tonnes below target. The 1979 harvest was also low.

Samuel Barber, the American composer, died aged 70.

Saturday, January 24

At the special Labour Party conference at Wembley delegates voted to change the method of choosing their leader, who would in future be selected by an electoral college in which 40 per cent of the votes would be held by trade unions, 30 per cent by constituency Labour parties and 30 per cent by Labour MPs. Roy Jenkins, Mrs Shirley Williams, Dr David Owen and William Rodgers later announced the formation of a body called Council for Social Democracy, intended to rally support for the formation of a new party.

Sunday, January 25

Suspended death sentences were passed in Peking on Jiang Qing, widow of Mao Tse-tung, and on Zhang Chunqiao, indicted on charges of crimes against the Chinese people during the Cultural Revolution. The other eight accused were given prison sentences.

Monday, January 26

Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Industry, announced further government funding of £900 million over the next two years for British Leyland, bringing the total amount given to the company since 1975 to £2,065 million. On January 28 the Common Market Commission told the British Government that the funding would have to be delayed until it had been vetted and approved by the Commission, who would judge if it violated EEC rules.

The National Union of Seamen announced a break-through in its pay dispute, having come to an agreement with the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company worth 14 per cent. Industrial action against other members of the General Council of British Shipping continued.

In the worst floods in South Africa for almost 50 years at least 150 people were feared dead in the Laingsburg area of the western Cape where the river Buffels burst its banks after exceptionally heavy rainfall.

Malta signed an agreement permitting the USSR to make use of the underground oil storage complex built there by Nato in the 1950s.

The publication was announced in South Africa of a new daily paper, the *Sowetan*, to replace the two newspapers for Blacks, *The Post* and *The Sunday Post*, banned by the South African government.

Chinese news agencies announced the discovery of a burial site, with 28 large and rich tombs, dating from 221-207 BC in the Shanxi province.

Tuesday, January 27

William Rodgers resigned from the Shadow Cabinet and his place was filled by Anthony Wedgwood Benn, runner up in the Parliamentary Labour Party elections.

The underlying level of unemployment in Britain rose in January to 2,236,000, 9.3 per cent of the workforce.

The Government announced that £1 and 20p coins were to be introduced by 1983.

The Government announced that the biggest wind-powered generator in Britain would be built in Orkney, at a cost of £5.6 million, with a generating

capacity of 3 megawatts and 60 metre blade span. A second machine would be built on the same site. Four other sites had been earmarked for wind machines on January 12; the first would be built at Carmarthen Bay, Dyfed.

Robert Mugabe, Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, appointed Joshua Nkomo, formerly Home Affairs Minister, as Minister without Portfolio after a series of discussions and in an effort to prevent confrontation between Zipra guerrillas who support Mr Nkomo and the Zanu forces of Mr Mugabe's Zanu (PF) Party.

374 men, women and children were listed as dead or missing after an Indonesian ferry, *Tampomas II*, sank in the Java Sea following a fire. 762 survivors were picked up.

Wednesday, January 28

Sir Hugh Fraser was dismissed as chairman of House of Fraser, the department stores group; his ally, "Tiny" Rowland, then launched a takeover bid.

British Leyland announced that it would close its assembly plant at Seneffe, Belgium with the loss of about 2,200 jobs. On January 30 workers occupied the plant in protest and refused to release completed cars.

96 republican prisoners in the Maze Prison, Northern Ireland, smashed furniture and windows in their cells and resumed their "dirty protest" in protest at the Government's "intransigence and inflexibility in implementing improvements in conditions" they had expected after the ending of the hunger strike, in December.

The US Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, declared that no military equipment would be supplied to Iran, even to fulfil orders. Arms paid for before the seizure of the American Embassy in Teheran would probably be sold and the proceeds returned to Iran.

President Reagan announced an immediate end to price controls on US oil.

President Reagan received Edward Seaga, the Jamaican Prime Minister, for talks at the White House.

At a meeting in Taif, Saudi Arabia, leaders of the Islamic nations asked the United Nations to appoint a special representative to mediate between Afghanistan and its neighbours, a step which would undermine the Afghan guerrillas' insistence that there should be no negotiations with the Soviet-backed government in Kabul. The Islamic leaders also called for a new holy war against Israel.

Thursday, January 29

The Government endorsed proposals by Nissan, the Japanese motor corporation, to establish a £300 million car manufacturing plant in Britain. The factory would be located in a financially assisted development area and would give employment to about 5,000 workers directly, 30,000 others indirectly. A four-month feasibility study, to explore the attitude of the unions among other matters, was to be undertaken.

Senor Adolfo Suarez, Prime Minister of Spain since July, 1976, resigned both his premiership and the leadership of the Centre Democrat Union (UCD). Senor Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo was nominated to succeed him.

Friday, January 30

British Leyland, accepting the findings of a joint union-management inquiry, reinstated two of the eight workers dismissed following the disturbance at the Longbridge plant last November.

The Afon Llwyd between Panteg and Caerleon in Gwent was polluted by 2,000 gallons of nitric acid.

The Polish government and Lech Walesa, leader of the independent union Solidarity, met in an atmosphere of widespread industrial unrest and

reached provisional agreement on two of the three issues discussed: workers were to work only one Saturday a month and were to be given improved access to the media, but the question of registration of Polish farmers in a separate trade union was unresolved.

South African commandos raided targets in Maputo, capital of Mozambique; 13 people were killed in the raid which claimed to be against the headquarters of the African National Congress, a militant black organization banned in South Africa.

Monday, February 2

In a march involving some 12,000 people about 30 police and a number of demonstrators, protesting against the Borkdorf nuclear power station, were injured in Hamburg. Later the city's ruling Social Democrat Party voted to withdraw from the project.

Tuesday, February 3

One of the largest hoards of Roman gold ever found in Britain, discovered at Gallows Hill, near Thetford, Norfolk, was declared treasure trove.

Dr Gro Harlem Brundtland became Norway's first woman Prime Minister.

King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia of Spain began a three-day visit to the Basque country.

Cassells, the publishers, announced they would close their general publishing division at the end of the year.

Wednesday, February 4

Union leaders of Britain's 32,000 water workers rejected their employers' increased 10 per cent pay offer.

Mrs Cynthia Dwyer, an American journalist, was put on trial by an Islamic revolutionary court in Teheran on charges of spying after having been held for eight months. She was found guilty and, given a retrospective nine-month prison sentence, was to be deported almost immediately.

Two British missionaries, Donald Lale and his wife Ann, were found murdered at Inyazura, 125 miles from Salisbury, Zimbabwe.

Thursday, February 5

In protest against cheap fish imports, fishermen in British and Northern Irish ports laid up about 1,000 of their boats, saying that they were losing money by taking them out.

Republican prisoners in the Maze Prison, Northern Ireland, set a three-week deadline, March 1, for a renewed hunger strike over their demands for political status.

Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, Sir Peter Medawar, the medical scientist, and Lord Olivier were named as recipients of the Order of Merit.

In Poland strikes continued to spread and stoppages occurred in towns along the border with the Soviet Union. The strike at Bielsko-Biala, in protest at corrupt provincial officials, continued to halt production of Fiat cars for the tenth successive day.

Rev Ian Paisley paraded 500 men from a private Protestant army before five journalists in a midnight rendezvous near Ballymena, North Antrim.

Friday, February 6

Nelson Maremba, a senior member of Joshua Nkomo's Patriotic Front party, was killed with his nephew when his car detonated a land mine in the drive of his home in Salisbury, Zimbabwe.

The former Queen Frederika of Greece, mother of Queen Sophia of Spain and ex-King Constantine of Greece, died in Madrid aged 63.

Saturday, February 7

More than 100 people, mostly children, died when a circus tent collapsed and caught fire in Bangalore.

Sunday, February 8

At least 21 people were killed and more than 50 injured in a stampede at the end of a football match at the Karaiskakis Stadium, near Piraeus.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Labour Party split: At a special conference at Wembley, right, to decide on a new method of choosing the leader of the Labour Party, delegates voted, below, for an electoral college in which a trade union block vote of 40 per cent would have the biggest say. After the conference four former Labour Cabinet ministers—William Rodgers, Shirley Williams, Roy Jenkins and Dr David Owen, below right—announced the formation of a Council for Social Democracy as a preliminary to the launching of a new party later this year. As some support for the “gang of four” came from Labour backbenchers, Mr Rodgers, MP for Teesside, Stockton, resigned from the Shadow Cabinet and Dr Owen said he would not stand again as his constituency's candidate.



CAMERA PRESS



CAMERA PRESS



CAMERA PRESS



POPPE PHOTO

Was it cricket? On the orders of Australian skipper Greg Chappell, his brother Trevor Chappell bowled the last ball of the third match of the best-of-five final in the Benson & Hedges World Series Cup against New Zealand underarm along the ground, preventing Brian McKechnie from hitting a six to level the score.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

South African floods: At least 150 people were feared dead in the Laingsburg area of the western Cape when the river Buffels burst its banks after storms. The National Road between De Doorns and Laingsburg was breached in several places as bridges were washed away and the main railway link was also cut.



Inauguration: Ronald Reagan took the oath of allegiance, watched by his wife Nancy, as 40th President of the United States on January 20, left, and shook hands with the outgoing President, Jimmy Carter, above. In his inauguration speech, delivered from the Capitol podium, top, President Reagan invited Americans to join him in "an era of national renewal".



High windmill: A £5.6 million aerogenerator measuring 148 feet to the rotor axis is to be built on Orkney. Its full generating capacity will be 3 megawatts.

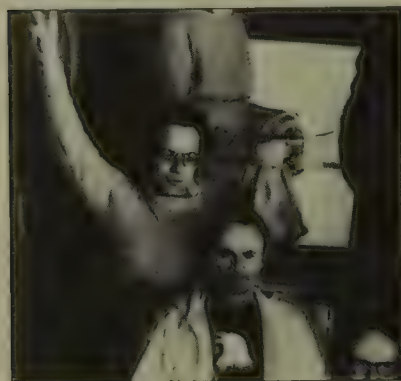


Downhill racer: The Prince of Wales spent a 12-day winter sports holiday in Klosters, Switzerland, a resort the Prince has visited three times before.

Flight to freedom: Half an hour after Ronald Reagan had been sworn in as President of the United States on January 20, the 52 American hostages were flown out of Iran. After touching down in Algiers they flew on in two hospital aircraft to a US military hospital in Wiesbaden, where former President Carter joined them to convey official welcome and to hear accusations of mistreatment and brutality to which they had been subjected during their 444-day confinement. They arrived back in the United States for reunion with their families on January 25 and a week of celebrations. Their release was secured only after feverish negotiations, involving Algerian mediators, Bank of England representatives who acted as intermediaries in the transfer from the USA of frozen Iranian funds, and Warren Christopher, the US negotiator, led to the signing of an agreement between the United States and Iran.



REX FEATURES



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The hostages flew on the first stage of their journey from Teheran, top, to Algiers.



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REX FEATURES



ASSOCIATED PRESS

An American hostage leaves one of the two US Air Force jets that brought them from Algiers to Frankfurt, top. After a hospital stay at Wiesbaden, above left, they flew to Washington where they were welcomed by President Reagan, above right.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Thames collision: The 1,173 ton British coaster *Blackthorn* was in collision with the Panamanian coaster *Frederika I*, 298 tons, in fog near Greenwich on January 30. The *Frederika* sank, *Blackthorn* was badly damaged but both crews were saved.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Off course: The Greek freighter *Pinelope* ran aground at Kanlica, near Istanbul, on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus, badly damaging a house but causing no injuries. The vessel was sailing to Greece with a cargo of artificial fertilizer.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

New listings: Following the listing last October by the Department of the Environment of 12 20th-century buildings of special architectural or historical merit, a further 37 have now been granted Grade Two preservation orders. Among them are churches, hotels, shops and offices, educational institutions, houses and municipal buildings, all dating between 1914 and 1939. They include Edward Maufe's Guildford Cathedral (1936), Louis de Soissons's Shredded Wheat factory at Welwyn Garden City (1925), the Jockey Club by Richardson & Gill at Newmarket (1933), Sheffield City Hall by Vincent Harris (1920-34), The Node, a model dairy at Codicote, Hertfordshire, by Maurice Chesterton (1928), and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's School Chapel at Charterhouse, Surrey (1922-27). The listed London buildings include Scott's Waterloo Bridge (1939), Herbert Baker's India House in Aldwych (1928-30), L'Institut Français by Bonnet and A. J. Thomas in South Kensington (1939), the Savoy Hotel in the Strand by Easton & Robertson (1929), R. H. Uren's Hornsey Town Hall (1934-35) and St Sarkis Armenian Church, W8, by Mewes & Davis (1928).

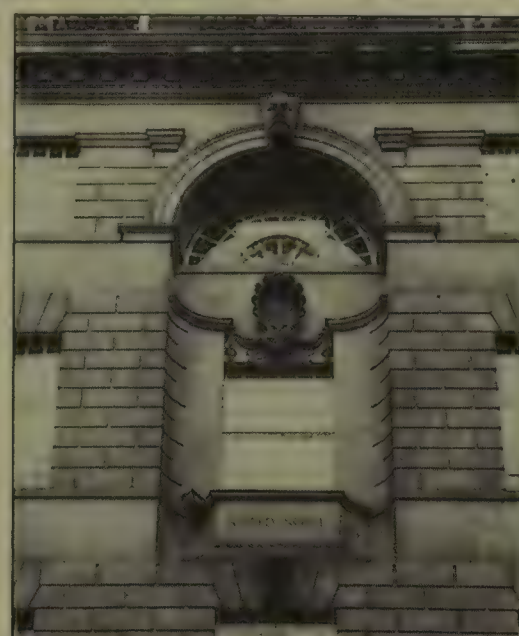


British Airways Building, Buckingham Palace Road, A. Lakeman, 1939; Barker's, Kensington, B. George, 1935-39.



Marylebone Town Hall and Library by Sir Edwin Cooper, 1914-20 and 1939.

Pullman Court, Streatham Hill, by Frank Gibberd, 1935.



24 Old Bond Street by Vincent Harris, 1926; details from R. H. Uren's Hornsey Town Hall, 1934-35, and Sir Frank Baines's ICI HQ, Millbank, 1928.

The nuclear shield

by Julian Critchley

Where in Britain do we all stand on nuclear arms? The Government has reconfirmed its decision to replace the Polaris fleet by Trident in the early 1990s, but there are Conservatives who would prefer to see the additional £5 billion spent upon our conventional forces; and so, too, would Lord Carver. But what is the Labour party's position?

At the October party conference Labour looked both ways. It passed resolutions both in favour of Nato and of unilateral nuclear disarmament. The unilateralists, among whom can be counted the party's leader, Michael Foot, have argued passionately for one-sided nuclear disarmament despite the self-evident fact that no other nuclear power would follow our example. Yet the bulk of the Shadow Cabinet and of the parliamentary party remains multilateralist while at the same time seemingly opposed to buying Trident on grounds of cost. Is Lord Carver then a unilateralist, and those Conservatives who have their doubts about Trident? The answer is "no".

It is important to understand exactly what it is the unilateralists, the "ban the bomb" people, stand for. Hugh Gaitskell once described them as a collection of "unilateralists, neutralists and fellow-travellers" and pledged the Labour party to "fight, fight, and fight again to save the party we love". His description remains valid for nothing has changed. In the last year or so we have seen a resurgence of the campaign "against the bomb". The apparent target is the abandonment of the Trident missile programme which Britain is committed to buy from the United States; but the real target is Britain's membership of Nato, an alliance which depends on the first use of nuclear weapons to deter a Warsaw Pact attack with its superior conventional forces.

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is not so naïve as to believe that it will persuade the United States to disarm unilaterally (thus destroying the balance of power); what its members hope to do is to weaken the Western Alliance by compelling Britain not only to abandon her strategic nuclear deterrent, but to ban all nuclear weapons (such as cruise missiles) from her territory. Thus Nato's strategy would be hamstrung with Britain at best a country member of a nuclear club or at worst neutral in the context of the East/West conflict.

The unilateralists seek a neutral Britain; the fellow-travellers would go further and have us change sides—but take care not to say so, for British neutrality would not be popular. Who would welcome Britain's neutrality? Our enemies would, but certainly not our friends. Would we remain neutral but armed like Sweden? Nobody

knows, but what is certain is that defence would cost at least as much. Would we disarm entirely, and, if so, what would happen to the unemployment figures? Most important of all would Britain's neutrality make war more or less likely?

This is the question that really matters, for Britain could not escape the consequences of a war fought with nuclear weapons in Europe whether we were neutral or not. Mr Foot has said that he does not believe nuclear war to be inevitable. Peace has been kept for more than 30 years by following a policy of collective security. Since Nato was formed in 1949 not one square inch of allied territory has fallen to our enemies. The departure of Britain from Nato would be morally indefensible because it would, by weakening one side, undermine the balance of power which has kept the peace in Europe, and present our erstwhile allies with a choice either of rearming still further in order to make good the loss of British arms, or, by beginning a course of acquiescence, of coming-to-terms with Soviet power, which would leave Europe, if not America, defenceless against Soviet ambition.

The case that CND is making against the bomb is essentially a political one. The doubts that others have about the wisdom of the Trident purchase are not political but economic. For there are those who stoutly wish to be defended but who believe that in defence terms Britain is living above her station. They point to the four separate roles which Britain undertakes: we have a strategic deterrent, the Polaris force; we have an army on European soil; we are responsible for the air defence of the British Isles; and there is the Royal Navy's contribution to the defence of the Western approaches. These are burdens that are shouldered at a time of increasing economic stringency and nil economic growth. "Something," these critics say, "will have to go." If this is so then it is likely that our allies would prefer Britain not to go ahead with Trident but to concentrate upon a conventional contribution to Nato's deterrent, at the same time permitting American cruise missiles to replace the American aircraft which already fly with nuclear arms from British bases, and continuing with the RAF's nuclear armed Tornado and Jaguar aircraft. This argument is about priorities in defence spending, how best to get value for money. But the unilateral nuclear disarmers are making a political case in favour of the neutrality of Britain. They are not really interested in the defence of the realm: what they are concerned to do is to alter the foreign policy of this country, a foreign policy which has had the support of all three parties since the end of the war. It is as well to know what they are up to.

Julian Critchley is the Conservative MP for Aldershot.



The Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, by Curtis Green, 1930.



Waterloo Bridge by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, 1939.



Broadcasting House, Langham Place, by Val Myers, 1931.

After nationalization

by Sir Arthur Bryant

Looking back over the present century there have been two main activities of the British people in their corporate capacity during its 80 years. One has been resistance to the aggression of the German nation-state, founded exactly 100 years ago at Versailles while its triumphant troops starved and bombarded Paris and France into surrender. The other has been the nationalization of part of our own free economy. The first was achieved, with the help of American and Russian allies and the peoples of our then global empire, in the course of the ten years of two titanic world wars. After a prodigious sacrifice of blood and treasure and the subsequent dissolution of our former empire, it ended in total success. France and the overrun countries of Western and Central Europe were twice liberated from their Teutonic invaders, while Germany itself was forcibly disunited and transformed into two completely separated States, one under Russian and Communist control, the other freely incorporated by the will of its government and now peace-keeping people into the multi-racial European Economic Community.

The other principal British corporate activity of the century, the transfer to the ownership of the State of the "means of production, distribution and exchange"—to quote the aims set out in the famous Fabian Society manifesto of 1893—has been achieved, in part. Yet in practice it has proved largely a delusion, in that the nation does not in reality enjoy or own those means, even though in the course of the process of nationalization a new and on the whole socially beneficial Welfare State has come into being, affecting in many ways the lives of the British people.

In my book *English Saga*, published in the winter of 1940, at the darkest, most heroic and ultimately decisive moment of our national resistance to Germany's bid for world dominion, I described, in a chapter called "Shooting Niagara", the start of the movement to transform our national society through what was to become known as nationalization. It was preached in the closing decade of Victoria's reign as a salvationist crusade, much as Puritanism had been preached in the 17th and Methodism in the 18th centuries. "Into the drab lives and starved minds of the industrial masses came a new message of hope and righteousness uttered on evangelist platforms by ardent believers with red ties and flashing eyes, that poverty and injustice could be abolished by State action. The little handful of the elect who gathered in the north-country market square after some crushing electoral defeat to sing Carpenter's Labour hymn, 'England arise! the long, long night is over', was like the grain of must-

ard seed which grew into a great tree."

It has grown into a great tree. Fifty years later, on the morrow of the final defeat of the German militarist march to world dominion, a British socialist government carried through Parliament measures which, nationalizing a whole train of industries and commercial activities, made the mines, the railways, the docks and, later, road transport and steel, gas and electricity as well, with the Post Office, medicine and the hospitals, the legal property of the nation, and those who worked in them the servants of the State. Yet today it is not the nation and State which, in practice, own and control these industries and services, and enjoy the sole use and benefit of them. On the contrary, the nation and the people who comprise and inhabit it have become not so much the owners and beneficiaries of the nationalized industries and public utilities as, all too often, the helpless victims of their mismanagement and exploitation. In practice the real controllers and beneficiaries of the nationalized industries are not even the functionaries who, under parliamentary delegation, exercise their authority in the name of the nation, but the self-appointed and non-elected trade union bosses—secretaries and bureaucrats—who use the immense and overriding powers granted to trade unions over the years by the legislature to demand ever higher wages for their members by subjecting the public to periodic strikes, which at times amount to a total deprivation of the facilities and services they are theoretically supposed to own and for which, by ever-rising fares and taxes, they pay. And while the nationalized industries are for the most part overstuffed and, therefore, economically inefficient and wasteful, any attempt to reduce the inflated numbers of their employees is countered by strikes,

thus further stoking the fires of inflation.

Nearly two years ago, after almost half a century of adherence to a progressive socialist philosophy by every government, both Labour and Tory, a new leader of the Conservative Party, in her election address, opted for a return to the traditional beliefs and practices which had made Britain great in the past. That is, a traditional libertarian economy based on self-help, common sense and respect for proved values, with as little taxation and as much toleration for the individual as possible, guaranteed by the rule of law at home and by the firm defence of British interests, particularly commercial and maritime, abroad. And having won the general election, and formed a Conservative Administration, Margaret Thatcher proceeded to put her policy into practice and honour her election promises by immediate reductions in taxation and a firm insistence that the enforcement of law and order at home and the defence of the country abroad should never again be subordinated to lesser interests.

To these objectives, above all to the reduction of the cumulative inflation which under socialist rule had so long bedevilled the economy, confronting the ordinary family with constant and unpredictable rises in the cost of living, the Prime Minister has remained inflexibly constant, refusing to turn a hair's breadth from her declared policy. In this, however, she and her colleagues have been confronted by two difficulties. One has been the in-built power of the trade unions, and their continued insistence on higher wage demands than the economy can afford. Yet, little by little, by her resolute stand, Margaret Thatcher, who in this is reminiscent of the younger Pitt, has already substantially reduced the level of wage settlements. The other more fundamental

difficulty is the fact that the orthodox monetarist policies to which Conservative Administrations have always turned to cure inflation, inevitably result in a massive rise in unemployment.

For in a free society, where men are at liberty to choose their own employment and consumer goods, as distinct from a totalitarian one, only one thing can keep the wheels of industry turning: the purchasing power of the consumer. And if, as a result of a monetarist policy to reduce inflation, less is paid out in wages, there is bound to be temporarily a corresponding and deflationary reduction in the creation of real wealth, not through any lack of human need for it, but through the public's inability to buy it into production. This can only end in the absurdity and human tragedy of millions of men being out of work in need of the very goods and services their own labour could produce: the fatal paradox which in the present century has destroyed more than one free society and turned it totalitarian. To this, by raising the minimum lending rate to an unprecedented level and so forcing the Government itself to borrow at exorbitant interest rates in order to finance the nationalized industries and public services and support ever growing numbers of unemployed, an Administration, pledged to reduce taxation and dedicated to ending inflation, is being forced to look for new sources of taxation and so—for all taxation is inflationary—augment inflation while trying to end it.

The answer, as I have suggested on this page, is for our crusading Government, without turning from its necessary and self-chosen task of reducing inflation by eliminating, through high interest rates in a currency exclusively based on debt, all expenditure on wasteful and unproductive activities, to manage the money supply directly—the supreme prerogative of government—by reducing, or even waiving altogether, the inflationary interest rates it has to pay to finance essential and unavoidable productive activities like national defence and public security and by keeping down, instead of driving up, inflationary public utility charges. Thus, while curbing inflation with one hand, it could halt with the other a dangerous and divisive deflationary situation by deliberately directing the money-flow to wherever it fosters the production of real and essential national wealth and employment while continuing to restrict it where it is feeding unproductive and wasteful public and private expenditure. Thus we could distinguish, as we did in war, between what we can afford in purely money terms, and what we cannot afford not to do in terms of real and necessary productive effort. On our achieving this balance between deflation and inflation depends, I believe, our survival as a free people. ●

100 years ago



As part of a year's trial from March 31, 1881, of three rival electric lighting systems in the City, lamps of one kind were tested at the Mansion House, shown in the *ILN* of April 9. Hung from iron poles, each one produced 2,000 to 3,000 candle power.

Memo to Comrade Brezhnev on the Polish problem

by Norman Moss

You asked for a recommendation from our subcommittee on how to deal with the developing Polish situation. Unfortunately the members have been unable to agree on a recommendation, despite many days of discussion. In the end their views boiled down to two distinct positions, each of which is held sincerely by some members of the subcommittee, and which are irreconcilable. So it seems to me that the best we can do is to give you two separate recommendations.

The first group, which I will call group A, believes that we will probably have to intervene with military forces in order to preserve Socialism in Poland. The second, group B, believes that intervention would do immense harm, and we should go to great lengths to avoid it.

First, the conclusions of group A. There is a real and even urgent threat to the rule of the Polish Communist Party. By its nature, a Communist government cannot share political power with another organization if it is to lead the nation along the path to Socialism, and certainly not with an organization that claims the allegiance of members of the working class in their role as workers.

Solidarity, the new trade union group, claims that its demands are only economic, not political. In the first place it is impossible to separate the two, as anyone who has read even a page of Marx must know. In the second place this is not true even in the limited sense in which they mean it: Solidarity has demanded the release of men arrested for expressing political opposition to the régime; it has also demanded access to the news media, which means the right to express in print and to broadcast views on political matters, whether or not the government approves.

It is clear that many Polish workers do not have the correct perspective on a Socialist state, or as highly developed a political consciousness as we might have hoped for. This may be due to shortcomings on the part of the present Polish government or of past ones; this is not the place to assign blame. One consequence is that many of them will be drawn into joining and supporting "independent" trade unions by the prospect of short-term economic gain, instead of seeing their real economic interests in the context of building Socialism.

It was a mistake for the Polish government to concede to Solidarity the right to make demands in the name of large numbers of workers. Solidarity will make more demands as time goes by, and more far-reaching ones. It will be exploited by anti-Socialist elements as a vehicle for attacks on the Socialist system. If this process is not stopped soon, it will have to be stopped later, after the rot has spread further, with much greater difficulty and cost.

The rot may spread beyond the

borders of Poland to neighbouring countries. You have only to recall the alarm at developments in Poland expressed from the beginning by Comrade Honneker, speaking for the German Democratic Republic, and Comrade Husak, speaking for the Czechoslovak government.

We have accepted developments in other Socialist states that diverge from our own practice and policies, but what is happening in Poland is of a different nature. The Hungarian government imposes fewer restrictions on the activities of its citizens in many areas than we would like to see, but it remains firmly in the Socialist camp, as we saw by its participation in the restoration of order in Czechoslovakia in 1968. The right of the Hungarian Communist Party to govern the nation is unchallenged. Rumania has pursued a foreign policy that has caused us offence on some occasions, and some concern; but Rumania has no frontier that could present a strategic threat, and Comrade Ceausescu's rule is unquestioned.

Any unrest in Poland would threaten our lines of communication with the German Democratic Republic, and therefore the military cohesion of the Warsaw Pact. Furthermore, and it is best to be frank about this, there is a long history of anti-Soviet—or perhaps one should say anti-Russian—sentiment in Poland, which can be exploited by hostile elements. These would try to use a time of instability to install an anti-Soviet government, or else to push whatever government was in power into following anti-Soviet policies.

The Polish developments are cracks in an edifice which was constructed at the end of the Second World War at the cost of much blood and suffering by the Soviet people. This ensured that the Soviet Union would no longer stand alone as the sole Socialist country in a hostile, capitalist world, and that enemy nations were not on its borders. We must not allow these cracks to become deeper, or even to remain.

We do not recommend an immediate armed intervention in Poland. We suggest that the present policy of allowing Comrade Kania's government to deal with the matter should be continued. However, we must say that we believe it unlikely on present evidence that this government can change the course of events in Poland drastically enough or rapidly enough to terminate the serious dangers we have outlined. Therefore, we believe that steps should be taken immediately to prepare our armed forces and our population psychologically for a necessary intervention. We should also seek out elements within the Polish Communist Party, and even if possible the Polish armed forces, which might be sympathetic to our view of the situation and assist us in our purpose.

The views of group B are expressed

as follows. We share some of the concerns of group A about the situation in Poland but we do not see a direct challenge to the leading role of the Communist Party. No group has appeared, even in embryonic form, that could constitute an alternative government. Acceptance of Solidarity's right to bargain on behalf of groups of workers constitutes a change in the nature of Socialist society. However, this is a modification of the system, not a fundamental change. We must have some flexibility in our view of the nature of Socialism. We cannot allow our conception of the relationship between a workers' state and trade unions to be governed exclusively by principles laid down in Moscow in 1920.

The change is not sufficiently drastic or dangerous to require armed intervention, with all its costs. And we wish to underline our belief that the costs would be enormous. For one thing, there is every likelihood that it would be resisted by the Polish armed forces, or at any rate by elements within the armed forces, and by much of the civilian population. This would be so even if Soviet troops, in addition to the limited number already stationed there, entered at the request of a section of the Polish Communist Party. Polish nationalism has bedevilled Soviet-Polish relations ever since the Red Army was halted before Warsaw in 1920.

This nationalism pervades the armed forces at every level. One incident, reported recently by our embassy in Warsaw, is characteristic, and gives an indication of what we might expect. A Westerner was chatting with a Polish Army officer, and when the subject of the 1968 events in Czechoslovakia came up, the Pole spoke disdainfully about the behaviour of the Czech armed forces. The Westerner reminded him that they had been ordered by their government to stay in their barracks and offer no resistance. The Polish officer shrugged contemptuously, "Orders from above are one thing. National honour is another," he said. This same nationalism is seen even in such a detail as the uniforms: alone among our European allies, the Polish armed forces have refused to adopt uniforms patterned on the Soviet ones.

Resistance may be encouraged even from within the Polish Communist Party. The generation of Communists who found refuge in the Soviet Union from Fascism in their native lands, and who returned to their countries with the liberating Soviet armies, have largely passed away. Today's Communists do not feel the same ties of loyalty and almost filial attachment to the Soviet Union. We know of no men in the upper ranks of the Polish party who might play the kind of constructive role that Comrade Husak played in Czechoslovakia and, 12 years earlier, Comrade Kadar in Hungary.

We should not look at the prospect in narrow military terms. It is true that there are no geographical barriers to the movement of our forces in Poland, and that the Poles would be heavily outnumbered on land and in the air. But all our observers agree that they are capable of fierce resistance, and there could be prolonged partisan warfare from the forests.

There is no doubt who would be victorious. However, if our soldiers found themselves fighting for a long period against soldiers of another socialist country who claimed to be defending their homeland, this might create ideological confusion in their minds, and have a disturbing effect on their morale. This disturbance could spread among our civilian population.

Furthermore, a purely military victory would have little significance if we found that there was no Polish government that had any status among the Polish people, and we had to administer the country. The Polish workers who balked at working six days a week for Comrade Kania would be unlikely to work hard to build Socialism under a government that they saw as no more than a group of Soviet stooges.

We must also take into account the Western reaction to such a move. The calculation over Czechoslovakia was that the West would make indignant noises and do nothing, and this was correct. However, the Poles have many ties with the West, and we now have right-wing governments in power in America, Britain and France. Many of President Reagan's backers would welcome an opportunity to worsen relations with the Soviet Union, and the conservative Congress would give them full support. And one can imagine what the Western Press would make of prolonged fighting, presenting our intervention as the brutal crushing of a gallant little nation.

We could expect an accelerated Nato build-up, which we would have to counter at considerable expense, and trade sanctions. As we know, we can be damaged by Western trade sanctions. Those imposed over Afghanistan did not hurt us, but over Poland they would be more severe, and the Reagan Administration would crack the whip to ensure that America's allies fell into line.

Nor would the adverse reaction be limited to the West. It would be a pity if we were to replace the imperialist USA as the principal target in the United Nations for criticism by the Third World.

In sum, we believe that armed intervention in Poland would be so costly as to outweigh any possible benefit to be gained.

I regret, Comrade Brezhnev, that my subcommittee may seem to have complicated rather than simplified the problem that faces you and the Central Committee. But as you can see, we have arrived at no single conclusion. The decision is still up to you.

'Most of our troubles are little ones, Mr Wagstaff...

'...our big trouble is, they're getting bigger!'

Mr Wagstaff made what he called his Neutral Noise. A sort of interrogatory cough; an uncommitted encouragement for the speaker to proceed, and hopefully elucidate. Which Bill Thompson promptly did.

'Well, Tom's seven now, and Jill's coming up for five. And Jane's expecting again, as I think you know.'

'So you're going to have a houseful,' said Mr Wagstaff.

'Full to overflowing! And we really can't afford to move at the moment. So I've been thinking of adding an extension.'

'Well that's certainly worth considering. I don't know if you've seen the one Bob Roberts built for Miss Pym now her sister Mabel's come to live with her? First rate job!'

'Yes I have as a matter of fact. I thought of doing the same sort of thing at the back of our place. But of course extensions cost money, and I wondered if we could have a chat about it.'

'Of course. As a matter of fact we have a scheme that might be just the answer in your case. Why not call in at the bank tomorrow. I'm sure we'll soon sort out your "troubles." How are they by the way - still as bouncy as ever?'



Mr Wagstaff made what he called his Neutral Noise.

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Go-ahead for docklands development

A further step in the revival of London's docklands has been taken with the approval of a scheme to develop the semi-derelict Surrey Docks. This 120 acre site, for which responsibility is shared by Southwark Council and the Greater London Council, has been abandoned since 1970 when the docks were closed with consequent losses in employment and population.

The two councils have been divided for years on their objectives for the site, but the architects Richard Seifert & Partners have come up with a scheme, acceptable to both authorities, to be carried out by a consortium, Lysander Estates, formed by Costain Construction, the Lazard Property Unit Trust, Phoenix Assurance, and the French developers, Sefri Construction Internationale. It expects to spend upwards of £150 million on the area, which will have a shopping centre, industrial complex, crafts centre and workshops, housing, a community and youth centre, a 200-room hotel, conference and exhibition centres, two restaurants (one in a ship), a sports hall—even an ice rink and a dockland museum. These will be grouped around three lakes, Surrey Water, Albion Water and Canada Water, which lie broadly on the site of Surrey Basin and Albion and Canada Docks but are differently shaped. There will be several areas of open space and no high-rise buildings. The old Dock Offices at the extreme south-west of the scheme, which date from the beginning of the 19th century, are to be preserved.

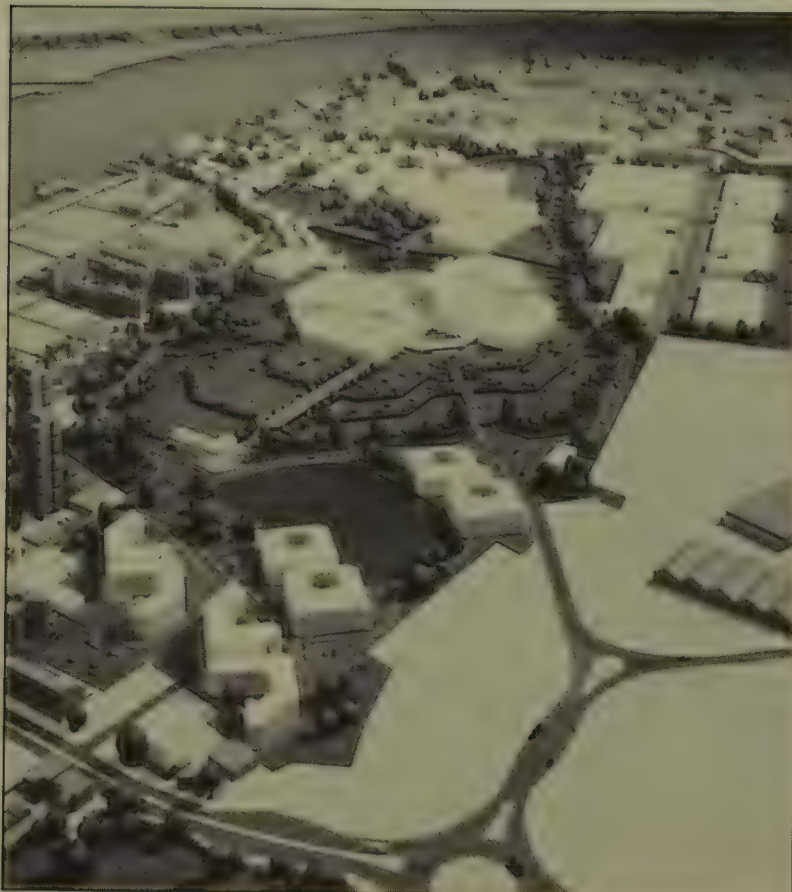
At the heart of the development will be a new village, complete with a village green, a pub and a towered church hall.



Altogether there will be 250 houses, some of them tiled and weatherboarded, and the considerable amenities afforded by the scheme will be available to people from the surrounding area. It is hoped work may start this year.

At least 2,000 people will be working on the site and when completed the development will give employment to 8,800, 2,500 of them in industry, 2,500 in shops, 2,750 in offices and the rest in services for the estate.

Top, Surrey Docks as they are now; right and below, an artist's impression and a model of the proposed development on the south-east London site.



Capital's craze over marathon

Greater London Council leader Sir Horace Cutler is not a man to miss a chance and when he heard from former Olympic gold medallist Chris Brasher about the publicity achieved for New York from its annual marathon he quickly saw the potential of a similar event for London (especially, dare we say, in the weeks leading up to a GLC election).

Within a very short time of Brasher's approach Cutler had flown to New York by Concorde to launch the plan for a London marathon at a joint press conference with Mayor Ed Koch. Gillette had become involved as sponsors, and Brasher had been appointed race

director. The event is now well on the way to becoming a craze. More than 20,000 people have written to the GLC expressing the wish to take part, 2,000 of them from overseas. As the organization can cope with only 7,000 runners, the first 7,000 to return entry forms will be on the starting line at 9am on Sunday, March 29.

The marathon course begins on the Meridian Line at Greenwich, crosses the Thames at Tower Bridge, heads east round the Isle of Dogs and then follows the Thames from Wapping to Westminster before ending at Buckingham Palace. The runners will cover 26 miles 385 yards and Brasher is hoping for a world record performance. Judging by the New York experience, and the interest so far, the London marathon is set to become a popular annual event.

Is the BBC worth 14p a day?

by Des Wilson

Clearly the BBC has come to the conclusion that it can no longer take the public's affection for granted. Forced by financial pressures to contract while its commercial competitors are about to expand, the BBC has come out fighting on its own behalf. Its immediate aim is public support for an increase in the colour licence fee from £34 to £50 a year, its longer-term target greater independence, especially financially, from the Government.

For an organization devoted to throwing light into every corner of the world and on to every form of human activity, the BBC has always been extraordinarily sensitive to public exposure of itself, perhaps believing that the more it was uncontroversially regarded as a national institution, the more trouble-free (in its own terms that means interference-free) life would be. While its radio and television audience was constantly growing and bringing with it ever-increasing licence revenue the Corporation could get away with this, but even the BBC has not been spared the effects of inflation, and now it is having more and more frequently to return to the politicians it fears to ask permission to raise more and more money, inevitably inviting that greater interest in its affairs it would prefer to avoid.

As if its own financial problems were not enough, the BBC faces over the next few years a new and powerful challenge from the commercial broadcasting sector. In 1982 ITV launches a second commercial channel and in 1983 it introduces breakfast television to Britain. Between now and the end of 1983 the number of commercial radio stations

will increase from 26 to 44, with the possibility of 69 by the end of the decade. Cable television is already at the experimental stage and it will not be long before satellites could enable foreign television to be transmitted on to British screens. In addition it is already possible for people to buy or record cassettes of programmes or films and watch what they like when they like on their own television sets. Who knows what other technology-inspired initiatives lie just around the corner?

The BBC must get itself into shape to compete and time is not on its side. Nor, it suspects, is the Treasury. Nor, it fears, are many politicians whose love-hate relationship with all forms of communications media tends to reflect their less than objective view of the way the media have treated them. Its main hope, then, is public opinion and it was greatly encouraged by what happened in 1979 when the Government attempted to cut back money pledged to the BBC external services. There was a remarkable public outcry and the most damaging cuts were never made. That fight, however, was merely a curtain-raiser to the main event, the campaign now under

way for a nearly 50 per cent increase for the domestic service: that means a rise from 9p to nearly 14p a day.

Since the BBC relayed its first programme, the six o'clock evening news, from an office in the Strand on November 14, 1922, it has developed into a huge organization of nearly 28,000 people providing in Britain two colour television channels (150 hours a week), four national radio networks (500 hours a week) and 22 local radio stations (1,500 hours a week). For the rest of the world there is a 24 hours-a-day, seven days-a-week international broadcasting service covering 39 different languages. The domestic service is financed by its viewers who pay a licence fee on each television receiver, at present £12 a year for black and white and £34 for colour, and the external services are financed by a government "grant-in-aid". Responsibility for running the BBC under Royal Charter lies with a part-time board of governors and executive responsibility with a director-general.

The frequency of the BBC's appeals for increases in the licence fee may puzzle those with long memories for, as the present director-general, Sir Ian Trethowan, confirms, the first 50p (or ten shillings as it was then) licence fee lasted from 1922 to 1946. "Reith was director-general for 14 years and he never once had to ask for an increase," Sir Ian says enviously, "but he had two advantages, the overriding one being that there was no serious inflation, and the other being the buoyancy in revenue because of the steady rise in the number of receivers." The arrival of television perpetuated the buoyancy. But since the early 1970s the economy has been suffering from inflation and, as most

people now have television, inflated costs are beginning to coincide with a slowdown in the annual increase in revenue from new receivers.

In 1975 the fees were £8 and £18 but there were increases in 1977 and 1978 and by 1979 the BBC was asking for a colour fee of £41. This the Government refused, fixing instead the fee of £34 to last "at least two years". The Corporation was forced to cut £130 million from its estimates for 1979-81. Over 5,000 hours of local radio were axed leading to a one-day strike by local staff and a demonstration at the House of Commons. It was decided to disband five of the BBC's 11 orchestras and this led to public protest and a two months' musicians' strike, but only two of the five were saved. Radio and television programme-makers were told they could have only a 6 per cent allowance for inflation when it was in fact running at nearly three times that figure. Paradoxically the BBC had in 1980 one of its best years, both in terms of winning radio and TV creativity awards and in winning an impressive share of audience figures, but, says the director of finance, Paul Hughes, "This is because we managed to make the bulk of the cuts in areas least damaging to programmes. These economies, however, have pared down the operation as far as it can go. If we are forced to make more it can only be at the expense of the service. There will be fewer broadcasting hours, more repeats, more imported programmes, and the quality of our own product will be affected."

Hughes is the man charged with compiling the Corporation's financial case, a task he performs impressively. First, he emphasizes the comparison with other western European countries,

Where the power lies in the BBC

Power within an organization of 28,000 people lies in many more hands than those of the 11 men and one woman pictured here, but the BBC is above all a producer of radio and television programmes and as far as most of its employees and the public are concerned the real power within the BBC lies with those who control what we see and hear. The 12 who have exceptional influence are:



George Howard, wealthy Yorkshireman who is chairman of the Board of Governors. The board's views on programmes are advisory rather than dictatorial but ignored at the full-timers' peril.



Sir Ian Trethowan, 58, Director-General, most powerful BBC personality, formerly a distinguished political journalist, joined the BBC in 1963 from ITN, was MD Radio five years, TV four years.



Alasdair Milne, 50, deputy Director-General and MD TV, a BBC man for 26 years, began in radio, then in TV was executive producer of *That was the week that was*. Was controller, Scotland.



Aubrey Singer, 54, Managing-Director, Radio, with BBC for 32 years, developed TV science programmes, was Head of Outside Broadcasts, and Controller BBC 2 for four years.



Douglas Muggeridge, 52, deputy MD Radio, made MD of external broadcasting in January, now combines roles. Began as an overseas talks producer in 1956, now heads 2,300 Bush House.

of which only Italy and the Netherlands have a lower colour licence fee. In Switzerland it is £72, in Denmark £63 and in Sweden, Austria, Belgium and Finland it is over £50. Then he demonstrates that while BBC domestic expenditure at constant prices has increased by 13 per cent over the past ten years, the hours of output have increased by 28 per cent in television, 68 per cent in radio and 53 per cent in local radio. This extra productivity is also evident in staff output, for while the domestic service staff has increased by 14 per cent in those ten years there is now 14 per cent more output per member of staff in television, 46 per cent more in radio and 7 per cent more in local radio.

He shows, too, that the cost per hour of BBC programmes in both radio and television has declined in real terms, in television from £25,900 to £23,100 over ten years and in radio from £2,800 to £1,900. He contrasts the BBC's income with ITV's. "If you take the income of the independent television and radio companies in mid 1980, as shown in the *IBA Handbook*, and deduct the levy and corporation tax, they had £407 million for one television channel and local radio compared with the BBC's £420 million for two television channels, four radio networks and local radio." He points to a public comment by Nigel Ryan, programme director of Thames Television, that "current ITV production costs averaged £65,000 an hour compared with £30,000 an hour for BBC television programmes". The force of his argument is that the BBC is demonstrably efficient and highly productive and he can produce many charts and figures to support his case.

Nevertheless a 50 per cent increase in the licence fee would be worth £250 million a year more to the BBC. What would it do with the money? First, says the BBC, it would help to catch up. The 1979-81 cuts included £90 million of capital expenditure which remains necessary. Then there is the difficult question of pay. The Government, concerned with keeping pay increases in the public sector as low as possible, is not sympathetic to the BBC in this respect and would no doubt make the point that while BBC staff are badly paid in com-

parison with ITV staff, that is because the latter are exceptionally well paid. BBC staff are not exactly starving. The BBC answer is that in a labour-intensive industry requiring a high level of skill and training the Corporation has to be competitive. It is bad enough that its people are constantly moving to richer commercial pastures; what is even more annoying for the BBC is that it trained them and ITV is getting the benefit of that investment. Alasdair Milne, managing director of television, says that ITV paid top comedians Morecambe and Wise six times what the BBC had been able to. "There is, of course, an inevitability about big bids for top artists," he says, "and in a way what worries me more is that we lost 20 make-up artists in a month recently, and we lost 182 technicians in a year, all people trained at our expense and tempted away by ITV."

Milne, incidentally, is the most outspoken of the BBC hierarchy about what he believes is an excessive inflationary spin-off from the competition with ITV. "They have too much money," he says. "When they offered 430 per cent more to the Football League to buy the rights to show matches on Saturday night and force us to show *Match of the Day* on Sunday, it inflated the sums being asked for in negotiations with all other sports. The same is happening with the purchase of feature films." Milne's charge is that ITV is doing this with public money. "Because they pay a levy of two-thirds of their profits, but do not pay a levy based on their turnover, they have an incentive to spend the money they make. So, indirectly, the public are paying for these huge deals from the levy income they are not getting. It cannot be fair that we are kept within strict financial limits while ITV can be extravagant knowing that the public are in effect paying two-thirds of the bill."

Needless to say this argument is not well received by the commercial companies, which point out that unlike the BBC they are putting up their own money to run the companies. "Maybe we do invest more back into the way the company is run than we would if the levy was on turnover," comments one ITV managing director, "but to do that



RICHARD COOKE

Sir Ian Trethowan has been the Director General of the BBC since 1977.

we are also reducing the profit we are taking out of the company. Isn't investment good for the business?" Milne replies that paying extravagant sums for rights to films and sports coverage is not necessarily good investment. The companies reply that how they invest their money is none of Milne's business. Milne's response is that competition is a good thing for broadcasting but that the competition should be fair and because of the levy system the dice are loaded on ITV's side.

At the BBC itself Milne is clear about his objectives: "I want fewer imported programmes from the US and elsewhere and more programmes which we make ourselves. This we have been achieving but it is far more expensive to make our own drama and the tighter money gets the more overseas material we'll have to buy. I want a stronger BBC alternative in the early evening. I want to keep at least one channel open later, at least till one in the morning. I want to reinstate the afternoon programmes we killed in an earlier round of cuts. And, of course, we are exploring the possibility of a breakfast programme, perhaps a combined radio-television show." Aubrey

Singer, managing director of radio, has his expansion plans too, including an increase in the number of local radio stations from 22 to 38 by the mid 80s.

But do we need all these things from the BBC? Why cannot they be adequately supplied from the commercial sector? Why does the BBC have to be so competitive when it is not expected to make a profit by attracting huge audiences for advertising? These questions tend to make BBC executives hopping mad, no one more so than Bill Cotton, until recently controller of BBC 1 and now deputy managing director of television. While running BBC 1 he had the task of tackling ITV head on in the competition for audiences. "If you are going to run a viable broadcasting service people have to want to watch it and listen to it," he says. "You can't ask them for money and then not care whether they tune in or not. If you're in the business you have to be as good as possible. Remember, we didn't invent competition in broadcasting, Parliament did. It was they who decided they wanted a commercial alternative and some healthy competition and it really is a bit much when people start



Richard Francis, 47, director of news and current affairs, joined the BBC as trainee in 1958, headed special current affairs projects and held sensitive job of Controller, Northern Ireland.



Alan Hart, 44, new Controller BBC 1, has worked almost entirely in BBC sports coverage, edited over 400 editions of *Grandstand*, became Head of Sport in 1977, now replaces Bill Cotton.



Brian Wenham, 44, Controller BBC 2, spent eight years with ITN before joining BBC to edit *Panorama* in 1969. Became Head of Current Affairs, TV, then replaced Aubrey Singer at BBC 2.

Clockwise, Derek Chinery, 55, Controller Radio 1, with BBC 40 years.

David Hatch, 41, Controller Radio 2, produced many of Radio 2's comedy programmes.

Ian McIntyre, 49, Controller Radio 3, with BBC 24 years, formerly headed Radio 4.

Monica Sims, 56, since 1978 Controller Radio 4. Former editor *Woman's Hour*, then Head of TV Children's Programmes.



The making of the news

The BBC has the biggest daily news output of any broadcasting organization in the world. Television news bulletins are produced by two teams, one concentrating on the main 9pm news and the other on the shorter bulletins throughout the day and evening. These pictures were taken during one day with the team producing the lunchtime and early evening bulletins. Each team is led by an assistant editor, in this case Derek Maude, who works in concert with the foreign editor and home news editor, who are responsible for providing him with the coverage he requires. BBC TV has a relatively small team of overseas correspondents, in the United States, Africa, Southern Africa and the Far East, and otherwise employs the same reporters for both home and overseas assignments.



Left, the 5.40 news team gathers round to discuss the running order of the programme. Above, Rick Thompson, BBC TV foreign news editor, in touch with his correspondent in Washington.



Derek Maude, assistant editor in charge of the bulletin, above, looks at film coming in from camera crews and decides on the pictures he wants. Right, camera crews can find themselves in some awkward spots, but here they are in the relative comfort of the Boat Show.



In the gallery, left, items can be dropped or changes made in the running order even while the programme is on the air. Kenneth Kendall, above, first read the news on television in 1955; his calm belies the fact that it is a much tougher job than viewers may realize.

whistling up 'foul' when we actually turn out to be rather good at competing."

Cotton, who bought the American soap opera *Dallas* for BBC 1, and also started the critically abused but highly popular *Blankety Blank*, is sensitive to the suggestion that he has trivialized BBC 1. He points to the overall balance of programmes, the news and sports coverage, the documentaries, and programmes like *Panorama*, and says that BBC television has to be taken as a whole, BBC 2 providing further balance. "I believe the BBC should aim to have the best programmes in every area, including soap opera, and *Dallas* is the best soap opera. I think it's brilliant. This is what the Americans do much better than us. We don't do it well and we don't want to do it. But if we can buy it from someone who does do it well, why shouldn't we do so? It enables us to concentrate the best part of our resources on the programmes we want to make."

Given the strength of the BBC's case, what is the problem? Quite simply it is that the Government's number one objective is to control inflation and a 50 per cent increase in the licence fee is inflationary. As the economic climate appears even worse than when the last request was turned down, the chances of the BBC getting what it wants this time are probably little better than even. The Corporation has been broadcasting its own "commercials" emphasizing value for money. It has been encouraging a licence stamps scheme so that people can pay the fee over the year as a whole, instead of in a lump sum. But, as the trend is towards more regular increases, its main desire is to extricate itself from the politicians' financial grip altogether.

Sir Ian Trethowan argues that the solution is an independent board or commission to review the BBC's financial needs. "Inevitably politicians find it difficult to increase any charge to the public and they can be easily tempted to reject a legitimate case for short-term political reasons with serious long-term consequences for a public service, in this case the BBC. Furthermore, if the licence is reviewed year after year, Civil Servants and politicians will find themselves taking a greater interest in the activities of the BBC with implications for our independence. What we want is an impartial, objective examination of our claim, even though the Government would retain the final word on it." The Home Secretary has not responded to the BBC's proposals for such a board but when Labour MP Michael Meacher raised the question in the House of Commons, arguing for either an automatically inflation-proofed system or reviews by an independent body, the then Home Office minister Leon Brittan showed little enthusiasm, saying he felt it would be difficult for such a body to express a view about the share of national resources the BBC should take. BBC financing could only reflect economic forces affecting the whole public sector.

Could there be an alternative to the licence fee? The BBC rule out a grant-in-aid from general taxation because it

would bring them even more under the political thumb than the licence fee system. As for advertising, Sir Ian says, "The argument can be dismissed quickly and pragmatically by saying that at a time when there is doubt whether there will be sufficient advertising to run ITV 2, it clearly makes no sense at all to expect there to be enough to run the two BBC channels plus radio. There are, however, deeper arguments. Once we began to take even a small amount of advertising it would become the thin end of the wedge. We would find it more difficult to get increases in the licence fee and would have to increase advertising time. This has happened wherever advertising has been introduced into public service broadcasting overseas. We would become more and more dependent on advertisers and this would inevitably affect our programming. We would be on our way down the American road and I don't believe anyone really wants that. While at present we have to satisfy our licence payers and have a fair share of popular programmes, we can still have an equal

share of more serious, thoughtful ones."

The case for the BBC's taking advertising is rejected out of hand at every level in the BBC and the concern is summed up by BBC 2's Brian Wenham: "It would be madness to say that the BBC does everything supremely well and ITV does everything badly. It is clearly untrue. But nevertheless there is no evidence anywhere in the world of the commercial sector becoming dominant and the quality of service being maintained. It simply is the nature of the commercial impulse to take the quality down market."

Wenham, as head of BBC's minority television channel, will have to formulate the Corporation's response to the new fourth channel. "Our main fear was that expansion of television output by a third over the next few years would have an inflationary effect on us. Fortunately the fourth channel looks as if it will be kept within fairly tight financial reins and is intended to be no more competitive for audiences than BBC 2, thus filling in the last corner of a square, two major audience-pulling channels, BBC

1 and ITV 1, and two minority channels. If that is so, it will be a good thing. It will create competition in professional excellence. Since it was decided to go ahead with the fourth channel I have already observed those who make programmes for BBC 2 are tending to be more forthcoming with ideas for change or improvement."

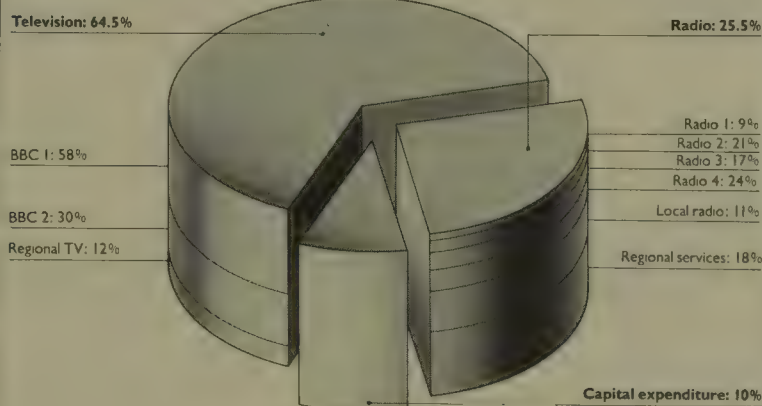
Alasdair Milne admits he was worried about Channel Four at the time when the talk was of its seeking 25 per cent of the audience. "We have always worked on the basis of sharing between 80 and 90 per cent of the audience equally between BBC 1 and ITV with BBC 2 taking the rest. If ITV 2 were seeking 25 per cent of the audience we would have to fight even harder with a possibly negative effect on the quality and variety of programmes. Now it looks as if their aim is to be nearer 10 per cent and that they are to spend around £30,000 an hour, which isn't a lot of money, and that competition we can cope with."

Milne admits he could have done without breakfast television: "It ➤➤➤



RICHARD COOKE

How the BBC spends its revenue



Top, Terry Wogan (right), talking to fellow Radio 2 star Jimmy Young, is probably the BBC's most popular personality, his radio and TV shows attracting millions. Above, Bill Cotton Jr.

Broadcasting to the world

The problem of those who work for the BBC external services, whether they be the broadcasters, most of whom are stationed at Bush House in the Strand, or monitors, who keep track of foreign broadcasts from a headquarters near Reading, is that they do not broadcast to a constituency in this country. They are not financed from the licence fees but from a government grant, currently close to £40 million. This would appear to make them a convenient candidate for public spending cuts and has forced them to become effective campaigners on their own behalf. Even so, while in 1979 they managed to save up to 15 language services threatened with closure by government economies, they still lost £2.7 million of their budget and this set back their programme of improvements in transmission quality.

The external services break down under three headings. There is the Overseas Service, broadcasting to nearly 70 million listeners in other countries in their own languages, the World Service, broadcasting to nearly 30 million people round the world in English, and the European Service, sharing those audiences and broadcasting in European languages to Europe and also to other parts of the world. The service is broadcasting every hour of the day, every day of the year, its programmes boosted by transmitting stations in the Caribbean, on an island in the South Atlantic, in Berlin, the Eastern Mediterranean, the Arabian Peninsula and the Far East, as well as in Britain itself.

While the services run the whole gamut of arts and entertainment, current affairs and sport, the centrepiece is the news which is centrally collected, written, edited and fed into 250 news

programmes a day in all 39 languages broadcast from Bush House. The newsroom retains editorial control so that all language services must transmit the news objectively prepared. The objectivity and lack of censorship of BBC news are said to be the reasons for its popularity and gain respect not only for the BBC but for Britain, especially in those parts of the world where there is no free flow of information.

The case for the external services from a British point of view (for it is one of the ironies that few people overseas need persuading of its value, and probably would not even if they had to pay for it) is that they maintain a British presence everywhere they reach. Gerard Mansell, until recently managing director of external services, now retired, argues that, "Many people overseas know Britain through the BBC and I believe they come to know much of what is best about Britain in terms of its ideas and ideals, its breadth of opinion and tolerance of opinion, its open exchange of information, even when it is not helpful to its own interests." In terms of achieving international goodwill it is, he says, cheap at the price.

Mansell has seen the external services survive three threats to their finances in five years, one resulting from a proposal by the Downing Street Think Tank of a 10 per cent cut, and the most recent as part of wider public spending reviews. "We have been surprised at the strength of feeling in our support. *The Times* received more letters on the threat to the BBC external services than on any other subject ever. I think many people realize that damage to the external services would in the end be damaging to Britain itself."



Japanese broadcasters, seconded from their own radio stations to BBC external services, transmit one of their two daily programmes to a million listeners in Japan.

would have been last on my list of priorities." Why bother then? "It was during the Iranian embassy siege that I personally began to see what a disadvantage we would be at in covering important events if ITV were on the air in the morning and we were not. Once people tuned in to ITV coverage in the morning they would become familiar with it and tend to stay with it in the evening. It all comes back to the same thing; we have to satisfy our viewers that they are getting value for money for their licence fee if we are going to continue to get the money we need. We cannot do that by being left behind."

The BBC hopes to exploit two advantages in breakfast television. First, it can get a show on the air first, because the new commercial company headed by Peter Jay has been told it cannot start broadcasting until 1983. Second, the BBC hopes to combine radio and television resources, building on the immense popularity of its top Radio 2 morning presenters Terry Wogan and Jimmy Young, both of whom have the ability to work well on television too, and on the Radio 4 *Today* programme. Monica Sims, controller Radio 4, is currently chairing an internal committee to explore the possibilities.

The BBC appears less concerned about the challenge of cable television. Milne says, "Cable TV has developed in the USA because so many people have had reception of the main networks. In this country we have good reception. I don't see the same opportunities for cable television. Our hope is that we can operate a subsidiary service using a satellite. We would not take any part of the existing service away from licence payers but we could offer subscribers a special service, for instance new films, for we cannot show films on the networks until they have been out for at least five years. And additional coverage of sports events, direct relays from opera houses, and the like."

The Corporation has just signed a deal to provide 40 per cent of the output of a new American pay television service, an initiative which forms part of its increasingly impressive attempts to raise additional finance through its company BBC Enterprises. Michael Checkland, controller of planning and resources in BBC television, says the BBC is becoming more and more interested in the subsidiary rights to its work, and the extra income it can make. A classic case has been the popular *Not the Nine O'Clock News*. A book has been produced which sold its 200,000 print run in a few days and has had to be reprinted. The programme's record was selling 25,000 a day before Christmas. Video cassettes and discs will follow. Checkland says more and more programmes will be exploited like this from now on. And the *Radio Times* remains the biggest-selling magazine in Britain. Despite these figures, Checkland warns, the potential revenue will never be sufficient to reduce dependence on the licence fee.

He talks of the growing production costs in television. "If you take the cost

per hour for first showings of programmes we produce, it comes to £112,000 for drama; £85,000 for comedy; just under £50,000 for features or documentaries; £23,000 for a children's programme or current affairs; and £15,000 for sport. This compares with £9,000 an hour for purchased programmes and illustrates why we have the imported material we do and what the potential problems are. I estimate that over the next five years network programmes on BBC and ITV will increase by 5,000 hours a year and at most only 200 of those hours will be new British drama because those 200 hours alone will cost £40 million."

It is Checkland who is raising the sensitive questions about manning in television. "For every £10 of income, we use £1 for new equipment and buildings, £3 for direct programme costs, and £6 to house and pay staff, and the key to our ability to handle the production cost explosion lies in that last figure." Checkland foresees hard days ahead of bargaining with increasingly militant broadcasting unions on manning arrangements, the argument based on whether traditional manning is unrealistic when related to new technology. It is, of course, an issue familiar to other industries, not least Fleet Street.

In radio the most contentious issue is the expansion of local radio. Does the BBC really need to have 38 local radio stations? Aubrey Singer replies that the BBC either has to have a reasonably comprehensive local radio coverage or none at all, "otherwise licence payers in some parts of the country will be financing services only available to others." He emphasizes the unique community based role of local radio, its value as news and current affairs support for the national networks, its use as training ground for those who may well go on to run the main stations, and says that in any case, "Local radio is not expensive. Local stations will be broadcasting only about ten hours a day with a heavily local bias and only at times when people are more likely to listen to radio. For the rest of the time it is our hope to feed in one sustaining programme shared by them all so this will have the effect of providing a full-time, fifth alternative to the other four networks."

This then is the case the BBC now puts before the nation, summed up by George Howard, who as chairman of the governors is both head of and spokesman for the BBC, and the people's representative over the professionals: "It has been said many times and it remains true that the public doesn't really realize what value it gets for its money. The BBC and all of its radio and television programmes cost each licence payer less than 10p a day, not even the cost of half a pint of beer or their daily newspaper. We do not seek advantage over the commercial sector; the BBC and ITV and ILR are complementary. But we have earned the right to the finance to compete fairly and on our terms, which are terms of quality. It's in both the individual and the national interest." ●

Where the BBC is a winner-outside broadcasts



Viewing figures confirm the claim that on big national occasions people turn to the BBC. This dates back to the days when BBC radio was the only form of live coverage of events, but it also owes much to the consistent excellence of outside broadcasts. Many still talk with admiration of the televising of the Coronation or Sir Winston Churchill's funeral, but the head of outside broadcasts, Cliff Morgan, takes special pride in the day-by-day coverage of sport. Morgan, as one of the best-ever Welsh and British Lions fly-halves, was himself a star of outside broadcasts. Now he spends a £20 million budget on contracts with sports bodies and on the movement of technology and manpower to where the action is. (A 1978 comparison showed that the eight episodes of a drama series, *Prince Regent*, cost £844,000 for about eight hours' screen time, while the outside broadcasts from Wimbledon cost £400,000 for 120 hours.) "We don't need audience research to tell us whether we're up to standard," says Morgan. "We rub shoulders with our customers every day. We're out on the road, like gypsies." To cover racing at Ascot for *Grandstand*, racing producer John McNicholas needs a team of over 40 including three commentators and eight cameramen. Equipment is moved in and camera rehearsals take place on the Friday. The BBC has rights to televise races from Ascot, Goodwood, Cheltenham, Chepstow and Haydock Park. "We negotiate hard," says Morgan. "We want to be there, but not at any price."

The BBC team cover national hunt racing at Ascot: producer John McNicholas directs the broadcast from a special van at the racecourse, feeding the races into a live *Grandstand* programme. Peter O'Sullivan, right, is the BBC's top race commentator. He stands in a box high in the stand, following the race through specially mounted binoculars. Julian Wilson, bottom right, is the BBC racing correspondent. After the race he reviews the action with the help of a monitor. Cameramen like the one below have the most uncomfortable task.



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New portrait of Prince Charles

This recent portrait of the Prince of Wales, right, and studies for it, are by Bryan Organ. Departing from precedent in royal portraiture, the subject is placed in front of a hoarding and is informally dressed. The medium is acrylic on canvas and the work, which measures 70 inches square, has been acquired by the National Portrait Gallery. Among the artist's previous sitters were Princess Margaret (in 1970), Malcolm Muggeridge, Sir Michael Tippett, Mary Quant and Lester Piggott.



The poor ones of Lake Turkana

by James Hancock



The Elmolo are one of the smallest and have always been one of the poorest of African tribes—their name means “the poor ones”. They live at the southern end of Lake Turkana, formerly Lake Rudolf, in a semi-desert land whose climate is as harsh as any in the world.

Lake Turkana stretches south from the borders of Ethiopia into the Northern Frontier Territory of Kenya, a wild, desolate place scattered with extinct volcanoes and lava outcrops.

The Northern Frontier Territory is bigger than the British Isles and the lake larger than Wales. The southern end of the lake is overlooked from the east by Mount Kulal, and when the wind blows from this direction it brings spectacular howling gales with gusts of well over 80 miles an hour.

The southern end of the 128 mile long lake is shaped like a foot, its heel forming a bay called Elmolo Bay after the tribe who live there. This tribe is about 130 strong today and their origins are uncertain. They probably derive from remnants of nomadic Masai who settled here and interbred with other tribes in the area. Continual raiding by neighbouring tribes drove the Elmolo to settle on the islands of the lake to escape the pillage and slaughter inflicted on them. Even today they fear the Rendile, who stole their women and castrated their men. Twenty years or so ago their numbers were down to 80, close interbreeding had caused symptoms of degeneration and nearly all of them suffered from rickets and scurvy, due to malnutrition.

We found them settled along the coast of the lake, having returned to the mainland since tribal feuding had died out. They had built their bee-hive shaped huts along the shore, simple affairs made of branches tied together and covered in lake weed, often patched with paper and rags. Rocks hold down these flimsy structures which seem suc-

cessfully to withstand the gales.

The Elmolo build rafts of three doum palm logs lashed together with fibre from the same palm and propelled by means of a long pole. From these rafts they cast out nets woven from doum palm fibre, the only local material that does not rot in the highly alkaline water. They also use long harpoons and spear fish, turtles and the occasional crocodile. Their staple diet is the *talapia*, a bass-like fish, whose rough scales are scraped off by the women with flints similar to those used by early man.

The Elmolo now send some of their children to the mission school at Loyengalani and they are given maize to supplement their diet. These simple people live only just above starvation level in a land where the difference between life and death may be measured by a bag of maize ●



Top, the Elmolo settlement on the shores of Lake Turkana; centre, an Elmolo woman with baby; left, preparing fish for cooking; above, one of the pupils of the Loyengalani mission school.



Cloth for Men...

BY **DORMEUIL**



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RANGE ROVER
IT'S HOW THE SMOOTH TAKE THE ROUGH.

THE COUNTIES

Michael McNay's

KENT

Photographs by Richard Davies



The winding gear dominates the village, its iron skeleton towering over the pithead baths, the heaps of shale and slag, the rows of little trucks on narrow gauge rails, the rampant weeds growing through gravel and cement, the flood-light stanchions. Outside the concrete and wire perimeter rail are the miners' canteen, the medical centre, the club. The village shop looks as institutional as the National Coal Board buildings, one window all frosted glass, the other clear glass but empty of goods; the paintwork, which might once have been green, peeling and darkened.

There are two or three streets of functional brick-built cottages, all in need of repainting, some in need of restuccoing or fresh pebble-dashing. You can be out of the pit village in a minute, into the fields of spring wheat, turnips, and Brussels sprouts. And over the brow of the next hill are the hop gardens and the oasts and kilns with white cowls crisp and clear against the loam as dew drops on a leaf. For this is not the Durkings coalfield, or the Rhondla, Orwell's Wigan or Lawrence's Eastfield. It is the Garden of England.

When the first Kent coal mines started production in 1913 people saw it as the end of the Kent of old. In truth it was a new beginning. The Romans had mined iron ore in Kent and Sussex, and the Wealden iron smelting industry existed when Consett was simply a green sward in the Derwent valley of County Durham and before the Duke of Bridgewater built the Worsley canal to halve the price of Manchester coal or Stephenson launched England into a new age with his Rocket.

For Kent is not the Garden of England in any indolent sense: true, the motoring organizations signpost the

blossom routes every spring, but blossom to fruit farmers is what steel is to Dagenham and Cowley and Longbridge, the raw material of their trade. However pretty, if it is not useful it is dispersed with, which is why the Kent that the intrepid 17th-century traveller Celia Fiennes saw—"from Rochester that night I went to Gravesend which is all by the side of Cherry grounds that are of several acres of ground and runs quite down to the Thames"—and Dickens's Mr Jingle recorded—"apples, cherries, hops, and women"—has changed. Apples, hops and women remain, but the cherry acreage, pretty blossom and all, has shrunk because cherries are hard to protect against the successive ravages of frost and rapacious birds.

The garden factory of England, then. From at least the 16th century the market gardens around Margate and the hops and fruit of Maidstone were grown, not just to subsistence level for the locals, but for exports to London. London swallows great tracts of Kent now, up to Bromley and Beckenham and Orpington; but Kent had always impinged on London's doorstep. Rotherhithe and Deptford, John Evelyn's home and the royal dockyard of Henry VIII, were Kent. Henry himself—and his greater daughter Elizabeth, were Kentish people, born at Greenwich.

A native of the northern littoral of Kent as far out as Gravesend talks of going "up the road" to denote a journey to London. So Kent's proximity to London—or as a true Kentishman would say, London's proximity to Kent—has shaped her destiny. While other parts of the country carried on agriculture for the direct subsistence of the village or the manor, Kent made a

living by selling fruit and corn and hops to the London markets, ragstone and timber for building and shipping, fuller's earth for the wool industry of East Anglia. Fuller's earth surplus to requirements, that is, for Kent's own cloth industry was formidable, nurtured by the great flocks of sheep on Romney Marsh, cultivated in the clearings in the forest of the Weald, the "dens" and "hursts" and "leys": Marden, Smarden, Beltersden, Tetentden; Hawkhurst, Lamberhurst, Goudhurst, Sissinghurst, Tudeley, Brenchley, Langley.

So Kent is a prime case of a man-made landscape: shaped by man, that is, on the basis of nature's gigantic handwork—the chalk deposits laid down beneath the ocean up to 120 million years ago, the North Downs, the Weald, the ragstone ridge forced up above the waves in the colossal Alpine upheaval around 60 million years later. Those movements of earth and sea left Kent with a landscape as various as any in these varied islands: intimate river valley and wide estuary, tiny sunken lanes and sweeping panoramas of 20 miles and more, deep green forest and chalky-green down.

South of the chalk 4,000 years ago was unremitting marsh and forest, so Neolithic man settled and farmed the North Downs and the Medway valley. He left his implements by the banks of the river and his burial chambers at Kits Coty above Aylesford, at Addington, at Trottiscleife (pronounced Trosley). The names of these settlements come to us from the Saxons and Jutes, but the county name itself is British, Cantium. Yet its principal city (not Maidstone, its county town) is Old English: Cantwara burh, the citadel of the people of Kent. The Roman name, Durovernum, ➤



Top and left, the pithead gear of Snowdown and Betteshanger, two of Kent's three collieries that together employ 3,060 men and produce 810,000 tonnes of coal per annum. Above, a hop garden and oast house near the village of Brenchley.

Kent

was closer to the original British Doroveron. Whatever the Romans found in this fortification, they left it a centre of Christianity.

Many parish churches in the county incorporate in their structure those narrow bricks from long-lost Roman buildings, but whole sections of the south wall of the little church of St Martin's, sitting above Canterbury on a small hill east of the city wall, are built of Roman brick. And here, it is supposed, Christian worship was continuous from the time of Constantine, through the dark ages after the retreat of the Roman Empire from the shores of Kent in 410 until the time of Bertha, the Frankish queen of Kent's heathen king, Ethelbert, when Augustine arrived from Rome with his 40 missionaries in 597. As the Venerable Bede put it:

"On the east side of the city stood an old church, built in honour of St Martin during the Roman occupation of Britain, where the Christian queen of whom I have spoken went to pray. Here they (Augustine and his missionaries) first assembled to sing the psalms, to pray, to say Mass, to preach, and to baptize, until the king's own conversion to the Faith gave them greater freedom to preach and to build and restore churches everywhere."

The building and restoring included the cathedral church of Christ on the site of a former Roman Christian church and the Saxon church of the Mary-in-Castro in Dover; Saxon, that is, in the brickwork of the arches of its blocked up south doorway and the arches of chancel and transept crossing, a movingly authentic witness to the rude faith of our forebears that has survived the worst excesses of Victorian restoration zeal; whoever coined the phrase lavatory Gothic must have been thinking of Butterfield's mosaic tiles in St Mary's.

Not that everything new in the churches of Kent is bad. Marc Chagall's stained-glass window in the little parish church of a barnyard at Tudary is one of the most beautiful in England, in the direct tradition of the marvellous Romanesque carving over the south door of the little Norman church in a wooded valley at Barfreston, though the stonemasons of Barfreston were bound to the Christian faith and Chagall is a wandering Jew. The Barfreston masons may have been the same as those who worked on the cathedral of Rochester, which with the massive castle keep also designed by Bishop Gundulf commands the mouth of the Medway as it spills into the Thames estuary. But who made the windows at Canterbury, the only medieval glass in England to rival the glory of Chartres?

For some people Canterbury can never be a favourite cathedral. It has not the spectacular buttresses and spires of Durham on its rock above the Wear nor the length of Winchester's nave. It does not dominate the city as Ely dominates the fens for miles around. And the stone rodents at the east end of



Top, Barfreston church, an outstanding example of Norman architecture. Above, a liehened grave and salty marshland in Sasse in the heart of Romney Marsh.

the nave blocks the view through to the choir, though there is a blue glimpse of stained glass in the distant apse. For all that, the richness of overlaid effects in the building by the canons of Anselm and the Saxon church of the Englishman is unmatched, and the proportions of the exterior beneath that noble central tower, Bell Harry, are one of the world's sublime sights.

But parish churches and great cathedrals alone do not make the county: Kent to most people is the vernacular of its countryside, the brick and tile and half-timbering of the yeomen's long houses and Wealden hall houses, the weatherboarding of its humble cottages, the functional dignity of the hop kilns. Known popularly and erroneously as the county of the hop and the hop (of hop building). Even a great house like Knole is more vernacular building than fine architecture, for all the grandeur of its total effect, of its gables and multiple classical allusions. And Penshurst is essentially a medieval nobleman's house with its great hall and central hearth in which an open fire once burned.

Penshurst, though massive, represents the first stage of civilization after the fortified castle, for Dover itself and Leeds and Allington and Hever and Rochester remind us of Kent's military past. Further back yet, there is the Iron Age fortification on Oldbury Hill and at Richborough are the extensive fortifications of the Roman base built after the invasion by the legions of Claudius.

A hundred years earlier Julius Caesar had landed for his exploratory mission at Deal, and at Deal Henry VIII was to build one of his extraordinarily modern-looking squat fortresses as proof against invasion: Martello towers and Second World War machine-gun pill boxes are

its clear descendants.

But it is the ploughshare, not the sword, that has marked this ancient landscape. The blood of King Alfred's men and their opponents soaked away into the soil and drained into the Medway at Aylesford, the rebels Wat Tyler and Jack Cade and the insurrectionist army of Cromwell passed over the land and left no trace except in the history books and the folk consciousness, bombs and rockets and falling fighter planes changed deep into the earth and buried themselves. On the other hand the farmer's plough and his hawthorn hedgerow have scored the earth and defined its areas since the Romans and beyond. One theory holds that the Romans adopted Celtic enclosed fields so that the basic pattern has remained much the same for two millennia: at any rate maps of parishes and manors show the same field patterns surviving since Tudor days.

In east Kent arable farming has succumbed to the wide open prairie systems increasingly common in the rest of England, but in hop gardens and orchards the only changes have been the evolution of crop varieties and yields and the mechanical revolution that cut back the number of regular farmhands and ended the annual invasion of hop pickers from the East End of London.

The revolution at the hopping season was timely, for a generation brought up on an annual fortnight in Majorca would not have taken so readily to harvesting hops, just as changing holiday habits have ended the high prosperity of Folkestone, Deal and Kent's most elegant town, Tunbridge Wells. Deal's pebble beach is picturesque with fishing boats but prettiness is not enough to ensure popularity in a seaside

town for otherwise Deal's narrow streets lined by colour-washed 18th- and early 19th-century cottages must surely have been overrun. Instead, Sandwich, who own prominent declined away from the sea and isolated from the sea and as Deal took over as a safe anchorage for ships, now finds her medieval gate and streets jammed by modern tourist traffic in and out of the town.

Gravesend, too, was once a resort as well as home port for Thames pilots but the high and handsome houses of Rocherville are a seedily run-down enclave now on the road between industrial Northfleet and the down-at-heel town centre, which itself is the unlikely burial place of Princess Pocaohontas. And Gravesend's otherwise dim High Street is distinguished by its sharp dip down to the Thames where the street's northern vista is often blocked by ocean-going liners and massive cargo ships from Tilbury on the Essex bank.

Folkestone had a mini-renaissance as a focus of flower power in the 60s but there, too, the only reminder of the turn-of-the-century days of florid prosperity when this little fishing harbour became the cousin of Normandy's elegant sisters across the water, Trouville and Deauville, is the grand sweep of the Leas with below it a vegetation-carpeted cliff, in effect a park reaching down to the sea like a lady's crinoline. The hinterland of Folkestone, crisscrossed by sheep and swelling with strange tumuli, is a dropping-off place from England as decisive in its way as Land's End. Approaching through this strange, terminal landscape still induces that sense of impending loss so poignantly caught in Ford Madox Brown's painting of a departure from Folkestone, *The Last of England*.

The first of England, too, for many



Top, a hopfield near Brenchley. Above left, Rochester harbour, situated at the mouth of the Medway; above right, the Royal Military Canal that runs from Hythe to Rye along the northern edge of Romney Marsh defining the ancient southern coastline.



Kent
Area
151,029 acres
Population
1,449,000
Main towns
Maidstone, Canterbury, Dover,
Folkestone, Tunbridge Wells, Tonbridge,
Dartford, Gravesend, Rochester,
Sevenoaks.
Main industries
Fruit farming and agriculture; tourism;
brewing; paper; cement; coal mining.



Europeans. Some come to Dover and Folkestone only for *le Marks et Spencer*, but those who travel further do so along the Roman Watling Street and its parallel highways, the M2 and the A20, where notices warn trilingually right through to mid Kent, Keep Left, *Tenez la Gauche, Links Fahren*. East of Canterbury, farm-gate shops advertise *apples and pommies*, and at Harrietsham a blackboard outside a transport café announces Roast Dinner 90p beside an enamelled Relais Routier sign, which in any language means to the long-distance lorry driver what the *Michelin Red Guide* means to the tourist.

The Last of England has one other modern connotation. These lorry drivers enter the country in swelling numbers driving bigger trucks with heavier loads. More motorways despoil more land and a Channel Tunnel will bring yet more, and service industries, too. Like most of the south-east, Kent went fairly solidly Conservative at the general election, but this is not England's soft underbelly. Two hundred thousand people live in the contiguous Medway towns, Chatham, Rochester and Gillingham, working in the dockyards which they always have and in the cement and paper mills of the river's tidal reaches. Or not working: around 10 per cent are unemployed.

Despite the cushioning effect on the unemployment figures of a tightly economical agriculture, the figures of joblessness are rising elsewhere in the county. Resisting new industrial estates and new airports (one is proposed at the old Battle of Britain airfield at West Malling) will become more difficult as conservation begins to look a luxury. But conservation must remain a priority: we came to it late and we must cling to it if we are to attach any meaning to the dog-eared Wilsonian catch phrase, the quality of life. In 20 years Kent could turn from a green and pleasant land to an anonymous morass of bricks and mortar and expressways set with jewelled beauty spots. Kent has become a testing ground of England's ability to cope with the pressures of the post-industrial service-giving society. ●

Next month: John Morgan's *Carmarthenshire*.

Underground in Hong Kong

by John Winton

In a bid to relieve Hong Kong's enormous traffic jams the government of the colony financed the construction of an underground train system. The author travelled on the Mass Transit Railway and was impressed by its speed, efficiency, capacity and cleanliness.

Photographs by Richard Cooke.

"Train coming stand behind yellow line please," intones a voice over the loudspeaker, in English and then in Cantonese. The broad yellow line runs along the platform, parallel to the edge and a couple of feet from it. Nobody but a lunatic would dream of standing outside it as the aluminium silver-grey train hurtles in. There is just time to notice the red hands on the front of the driver's cab and the curious Mass Transit Railway logo, like two simplified tridents joined shaft to shaft, as the train shoots past and stops.

Five doors on each carriage slide open but only for seconds. The passengers are almost all Chinese in smart shirts, pressed trousers, many wearing spectacles and some carrying briefcases. These are not Hong Kong's transient millions but mostly middle-class citizens; a few Europeans, young clerks who look as if they work for Jardine Matheson, and a few tourists.

After only a brief period the doors shut. The train starts smoothly but gathers speed so rapidly that an unwary passenger feels he must brace himself somehow or else slide along the smooth, shiny, stainless steel seat. Meanwhile another voice on the train's public address system announces, again in English and Cantonese, the name of the next station.

This is a railway system dedicated, as its name suggests, to the business of carrying large numbers of people in a short time. The carriages, built by the UK firm Metro-Cammell Ltd, are 74 feet long by 10½ feet wide, clean, functional and spacious, with a grey metal deck and mustard-coloured roofs. There are six to a train, each designed to carry 375 people with seats for 48. Only the front and rear coaches have cabs, the rest are open-ended and fit neatly into each other, leaving a wide gangway, so that the train looks like one long, jointed coach. Along straight stretches you can stand in the front and look down the middle to the end of the train.

The top speed is 50 mph. The average speed of a journey, including stops, is 20 mph. The minimum fare is HK\$2 (25p); the maximum is HK\$1 (about 8p). The first train leaves at 6am and thereafter they run every ten minutes, with one train every two minutes during the rush-hour, until 1am. The trains and

all the 15 stations are new, clean, brightly lit and air-conditioned. There is no litter, no smoking, no heavy luggage, no vandalism. The system is only a fifteenth of the size of the London Underground system but at full capacity it is designed to carry some 300,000 more than London Underground's two million passengers a day.

British Rail and the London Passenger Transport Board provided much of the expertise, training and advice to make the MTR possible. British firms won a quarter of the contracts for track-work and machinery; it is a truly international railway and firms from Hong Kong, Japan, the United Kingdom, the USA, West Germany, France and Sweden had, and still have, a part in building it.

But it was not all plain sailing for the MTR. Like all such long-term, massively expensive, labour-intensive projects, it had its ups and downs. Transport has always been a nightmarish problem for Hong Kong. There are more than three million daily passenger journeys made by public transport which includes taxis, buses, ferries, minibuses, trams and trains. The Colony is rich in everything but space. A population of millions lives in narrow districts; in corridors of land jammed between sea and mountains. Almost everybody except for the very rich and the very poor lives in high-rise accommodation.

Hong Kong has some of the most horrific traffic jams in the world. With more than 300 vehicles to the mile, the roads are always crowded and the Hong Kong government is only just realizing that big roads breed big traffic: no matter how many roads you build the traffic simply fills them up. Topped up by a constant influx of refugees and incomers—notably illegal immigrants crossing the border from mainland red China—the exact population of Hong Kong today is not known. It is certainly more than five million, possibly even approaching six million.

Back in 1967 when the population was only 3½ million, the Hong Kong government appointed consultants to investigate traffic problems. They suggested an underground railway as being the only feasible transport system that would not increase the already existing congestion. In 1969 they recom-

mended a system 52.5 kilometres long with 50 stations. In 1972 the government approved an initial system of 20 kilometres and a year later they decided to negotiate with four business consortia for a single fixed price contract. In 1974 a letter of intent was signed by a Japanese consortium.

This agreement turned out to be what they now call "the billion dollar disaster". The oil crisis of 1973/74 was a severe shock to business in Hong Kong and in Japan. In December, 1974, the Japanese withdrew; however, within a few weeks the government announced that it was proceeding with a modified initial system, involving a multitude of contracts—no fewer than 25 for civil engineering works and another 11 for mechanical and electrical engineering.

In September, 1975, the government established the Mass Transit Railway Corporation as a public statutory body to be wholly owned by the government. It was a far-sighted and, in the circumstances, brave decision. Preliminary work began on the mainland at three sites in Kowloon in November, 1975.

Then began years of upheaval and inconvenience for the citizens of Hong Kong, who had to endure the dust and the noise of drilling and blasting. The main problem was space, the very problem the MTR was designed to alleviate. The trouble was that the railway took up extra space while being built, thereby adding to the traffic problems it was intending to help.

Several roads had to be altered and some permanently closed. Traffic had to be diverted, traffic lights rearranged, bus routes restructured. Long stretches of road became huge holes in the ground. Trees had to be felled, buildings demolished, scores of businesses compensated and more than 20,000 people rehoused. The railway's Press Relations Officer has two large cabinets stuffed full of complaints. In one case an ancient temple was dismantled, piece by piece, and reassembled in its original place after all the building was over.

Some 12,000 feet of the railway in the built-up business and residential areas and all but five of the stations were built by what is called the "cut and cover" system. As one engineer explained, "You cut the surface of the road on one side of the street, dig a hole,



cover it over and continue burrowing away beneath metal covers. Once the metal covers are in place we cross to the other side of the street and re-enact the process over there."

Many of the reconstructions have to be very carefully scheduled. At one appallingly congested traffic intersection, between two of the main road arteries of Kowloon, a steel-framed deck ramp had to be erected to raise the traffic thoroughfare nearly 5 feet above the original street level. A traffic light control system also had to be installed at the same time. The whole operation had to be carried out in one night, between midnight and 6.30am. If it had been done in daylight, the traffic congestion would have brought the whole commercial life of Kowloon, and perhaps the whole Colony, to a standstill.

Where "cut and cover" was not used the tunnels had to be bored through a variety of geological materials—heavily decomposed granite, reclaimed soil in the harbour but mostly solid rock. The tunnels were lined with interlocking concrete segments precast on the site. In some places the Hong Kong water-table is so high that the men manning the main boring mole machine had to work under constant air pressure to keep the water at bay.

The mile-long harbour crossing from the Kowloon mainland to Hong Kong Island was carried out by building not a tunnel, exactly, but what they call an immersed tube. A trench was first dredged out of the harbour bottom and then segments of tube were lowered into position and connected up. As somebody said, "It was rather like building a huge gas main."

The first stretch of the MTR, from Kwun Tong at its extreme eastern



Top left, in the MTR control room train positions are monitored by computer; top right, the railway carriages built by a British firm, are spacious and open-ended; above, bearing of the plastic, credit card-like tickets is prohibited; right, the stations are clean and bright.

mainland end to Shek Kip Mei almost on the outskirts of Kowloon, was opened by the Governor of Hong Kong on September 30, 1979. The rest of the modified initial system down through Kowloon under the harbour to Chater, the main business area of Hong Kong Island, was opened by HKH Princess Alexandra on February 12, 1980. The route now open from Kwun Tong to Chater is 9.7 miles with 7.9 miles underground and 1.8 miles overhead. There are 15 stations, 12 underground and three overhead. The journey from Kwun Tong to Chater takes 28 minutes.

In July, 1977, a western extension of the railway was authorized. This will run for 6.5 miles, about 4.6 underground, 1.2 overhead and .7 at ground level from Prince Edward Station to Tsuen Wan. It should be ready in late 1982. The whole cost of the Modified



Initial System and the Tsuen Wan extension will be £825 million.

Although the MTR is ludicrously cheap by UK standards for Hong Kong transport it is expensive and still up-market. You can cross the harbour by the Star Ferry for 50 cents (about 4p). The minimum cost by MTR is HK\$2 (16p). In Hong Kong where the Chinese change their jobs for a few dollars more a week this difference is important.

However, the railway maintains that its charges are justified. It provides a fast, clean, reliable service unaffected by typhoons or any other weather conditions. The company is confident that traffic pressures on the surface will eventually force passengers underground and the figures seem to support that theory. There were 3.94 million passenger journeys in October, 1979, the first full month after the railway

opened. This climbed steadily, month by month, and in August, 1980, there were nearly 16 million journeys. Allowing for seasonal variation the traffic is growing at a remarkable rate, though of course it is still some way from the 54 million monthly passenger journeys which the railway is designed to handle. That figure is not expected to be achieved until late in the 1980s. But the railway has clearly been designed with the future in mind, with the space and scope for more traffic.

The stations, platforms and corridors are all wide and handsome like huge enamelled galleries. The signs and directions, clear and functional, are in English letters and Chinese characters. Even if you cannot see a sign, you can still tell which station the train has reached by the decor. The wall panels and tiles in each station are of different

colours with a major and a minor colour for each station.

At Chater, for example, the major colour is red, the minor brown. At Waterloo (there is a Waterloo station) the major colour is grey, the minor motif red, white and blue. One station, Choi Hung, which means "Rainbow" in Chinese, is appropriately decorated in rainbow-coloured tiles. The firm of Rado has presented the railway with an atomic caesium master clock, accurate to within a millionth of a second a day, controlling the 700 digital or analog "slave" clocks along the railway.

One prominent sign in all the carriages clearly prohibits flicking or bending one's ticket on pain of a HK\$1,000 fine (£83.33). The popular belief among Europeans is that this is because the Chinese are superstitious about having a ticket derivatively flicked at them. The real reason is more practical. The tickets are all plastic, the same size, shape and thickness as a credit card. They are magnetically encoded and are bought at special ticket dispensing machines (there are also machines for giving change). To get on to the platform you put the ticket into a slot, it reappears and the turnstile opens, rather like the system on a modernized London Underground station.

At the exit the ticket is put in another slot and disappears, being reusable and the property of the railway. For anybody who has travelled too far on his ticket or who has managed it the turnstile will not open. Excess fares and explanations then follow. A number in a lighted panel also shows how many journeys a ticket is still valid for; one can buy season tickets, not by time as in the UK but, much more sensibly, for a set number of journeys.

The railway is controlled from a control room above the station at Kowloon Bay where the main marshalling yard, engine sheds and repair workshops are situated. There the duty staff sit in front of a computerized board with mimic diagrams showing the exact position of every carriage of every train. Like every railway, the MTR has "incidents" such as breakdowns and hold-ups. The PRO in his office upstairs has a computer link-up, giving the latest read-out on the situation. He can sit in his office, fielding calls from the media and giving them the latest situation as it unfolds. Passengers are kept up to date over a public address system. It all seems a far cry from the chalked "Cancellation" messages on London Transport black-boards.

Some of the cost of the railway is being recouped by property deals in Hong Kong. The land is more valuable than gold dust. One of the most remarkable projects is at Kowloon Bay where, above the station, a 41-acre site is being developed to provide high-rise accommodation for 25,000 people.

The Chinese like to insure the future by putting their signs and portraits and by mollifying any local spirits who might be offended. The opening of the Mass Transit Railway was accompanied by dragon dances and ceremonies to appease the resident *feng shui* spirits. So far they seem to have done a good job. ■

Painting out of doors

by Edward Lucie-Smith

It was the Impressionists who fixed in the public mind the idea that "real" landscape painting took place out of doors. Monet suffered in all weathers to record the transitory aspects of light, and the painter working at his easel in the middle of some flowering meadow was himself a favourite Impressionist subject.

As Lawrence Gowing points out in his introduction to the excellent Arts Council exhibition *Painting from Nature* now at the Royal Academy, all this originally seemed rather unnatural: "It was in fact an unusual painter [in the 17th century] who trusted the oleous paste in its sticky inconvenience to record the hazards of the open air. We have come to trust it, rather against reason, because something ungovernable about it seems to agree with transitory subjects and momentary responses."

The inventor of *plein air* painting as we now know it was probably Claude. Sandrart, Claude's rather envious biographer, notes his practice of "lying in the fields at daybreak and evening... When he had well contemplated one or the other, he immediately prepared his colours accordingly, returned home and applied them to the work with much greater naturalness than anyone had ever done." This describes not the process of painting itself but the preparation of graduated mixtures of tones on a specially prepared palette. But there seems to have been at least one occasion when Claude did paint a picture out of doors. In all likelihood it was *Landscape*

with a *Goatherd* which is included in the present show.

Claude's experiments bore little fruit in his own immediate circle, but were taken up by the French decorative painter Alexandre-François Desportes. When he died in 1743 Desportes left in his studio a large number of small, informal oil sketches of landscape. He designed special equipment for the purpose, and evolved a special technique—a stick with a pointed steel tip that could be pushed into the ground which had at the top of it a holder for a piece of paper. Desportes painted in oil on strong unvarnished paper because the colours dried more quickly that way and could be retouched on the spot. His informal oil sketches were, however, purely "paintings towards"—working materials for larger compositions.

The painters of the later 18th century continued to think of the *plein air* landscape in this way. Stubbs, for example, made some paintings of Newmarket Heath with the Rubbing-Down House in the foreground. These were used as studies for his well known finished painting of *Omerack*.

Where *plein air* did take on a kind of independent existence it was usually in the hands of artists who were more or less amateurs, and who neither sold nor exhibited their work. A good example was the Welshman Thomas Jones. But a more important figure, working in Italy at the same time as Jones, was the Frenchman Pierre-Henri de Valenciennes, who was in no sense an amateur. His contemporaries thought of him as a reformer, but a stringent and systematic (which is to say academic) reformer. He aimed to do for landscape painting what Jacques-Louis David was doing at the same time for history painting. Valenciennes was an influential teacher and his oil sketches were used to show pupils how to create aerial perspective and transient effects. He would have been horrified had he known that these sketches would be the basis of his posthumous reputation.

Quarry by Turner; oil on paper, 14.7 by 25.7 cms. Far left, *Lane near East Bergholt, with a man resting* by Constable, dated 1809; oil on board, 30.8 by 32.7 cms. Left, *Sunset* by Desportes; oil on paper laid down on board, 28 by 32.5 cms.

ciennes, who was in no sense an amateur. His contemporaries thought of him as a reformer, but a stringent and systematic (which is to say academic) reformer. He aimed to do for landscape painting what Jacques-Louis David was doing at the same time for history painting. Valenciennes was an influential teacher and his oil sketches were used to show pupils how to create aerial perspective and transient effects. He would have been horrified had he known that these sketches would be the basis of his posthumous reputation.

Valenciennes was succeeded by a number of other painters making use of the same kind of method. They were artists of the second and third rank, such as François-Marius Granet, who was for a period director of the museum at Versailles, and who later founded a museum bearing his own name in his native Aix-en-Provence. The sketches these artists produced were often so similar that it is impossible to attribute

them to one hand rather than another. Their importance is that they prepared the way for Corot.

In the interim, however, something very important had happened: the birth of English Romantic landscape painting. Turner and Constable were probably the first artists to produce landscape sketches which could be regarded as finished works of art in themselves. During the first two decades of the 19th century Turner's attraction to naturalism was at its height; he made a number of views of the Thames, and another group in Devon, which apply to nature itself the methods that Gainsborough used when making his freely brushed representations of the artificial landscape he constructed in his studio.

Constable used the *plein air* method in two different ways. In his sky studies and in other paintings of the same sort he was trying to gain an insight into the actual processes of nature. But other pictures, though meant to stand as independent works, were still actually painted in the presence of the model. Constable in any case was naturalistic by instinct. He wanted to convince the spectator that the picture was a kind of substitute for the real thing, not a comment or a transposition.

One link between the English and the

French schools was Bonington, though his experience as an artist was almost entirely French. Yet in the presence of one of his landscapes one is made to feel that freedom of reaction is very much part of his method, and that the techniques which Valenciennes had imparted to French pupils and colleagues here became ends in themselves.

Corot and the Barbizon School are, of course, the immediate progenitors of Impressionist landscape painting. As the catalogue of *Painting from Nature* notes, Théodore Rousseau's decision to withdraw from the 1829 competition for the Prix de Rome in historical landscape (a category which Valenciennes had fought hard to have established) marks a historical turning point—the decision to renounce classical academic landscape in favour of something very different. Constable and Bonington were the painters whom Rousseau studied when he was attempting to find his own way. The rejection Rousseau suffered from Salon juries in the 1830s and early 1840s prefigured the rebuffs which leading Impressionists were to meet from the same institution.

One must not, however, insist that the development of the *plein air* landscape sketch pointed in one direction only—towards the future. Frederic, Lord Leighton, the most successful academic artist in England in the closing years of the 19th century, was a landscape painter strictly in his spare time. His landscapes were done on holiday abroad, as a relaxation from the rest of his work. The surprising thing is that the results he got, when in this holiday mood, look very much like the earlier paintings of Corot, and are not so far off from the tonal landscapes with which Camille Pissarro began his career.

The fact that a Leighton can sometimes be mistaken for a Corot, and indeed the confusion of attributions which seems to reign in *plein air* landscape painting in general, does indeed indicate something about the method itself. Though it has now—and this exhibition is to some extent the proof—began to attract a certain amount of scholarly interest, this is of all branches of painting the least intellectual. Monet, who carried matters to their furthest extreme, was once described as, "Only an eye, but what an eye!" There are many paintings in the show by earlier masters which might prompt one to utter the same exclamation, and perhaps with more justice. Long before the "slice of life" became fashionable in 19th-century literature, it had become the aim of a certain sort of art based on working out of doors, gluing oneself to the motif, seeing what was on the canvas in precisely the same conditions of light and shade as one saw the landscape itself. What is ultimately tantalizing about all *plein air* painting is its fragmentariness.

It is *plein air*, more than anything else, which prepared the way for the emphasis which we now place on the sketch—on the work of art that is still visibly in a process of evolution.





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The Welsh wizard

Lloyd George is to be the subject of a new television series. The author assesses the public and the private life, the triumphs and the failures, of the man who seemed always to be "hunting in the field beyond".

by John Morgan

Time can play its tricks with the memories of defunct Empires as much as with old people's. So it becomes more and more difficult to grasp, now that Britain is no longer a great power, the true heroic scale of the romance of Lloyd George's life. That, from a remote corner of Europe, speaking Welsh, the language of an embattled minority, a poverty-stricken young man could arrive at the heart of the greatest empire the world had ever seen and dominate its political and military life, not to mention the darker corners of gossip and journalism, may seem now to be not quite so formidable an achievement as it did at the turn of the century.

Yet it was a triumph to match Napoleon's and with incomparably more beneficent consequences. The small man with the large head and the silver voice always showed a reckless courage. Opposing the Jingoism of the Boer War, he almost lost his life in a riot in Birmingham. He took on, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Establishment, confronting the King, the House of Lords and the City. In the First World War he took on Europe and his own generals. And he did it all with impishness, wit, compassion and gaiety.

When Lloyd George was in his 40s Winston Churchill, who saw him as a father figure, was his acolyte and the only colleague allowed to call him David. At times these two great war leaders quarrelled bitterly and betrayed each other, as politicians will; but when Lloyd George died in 1945 in his 80s, Churchill said of him:

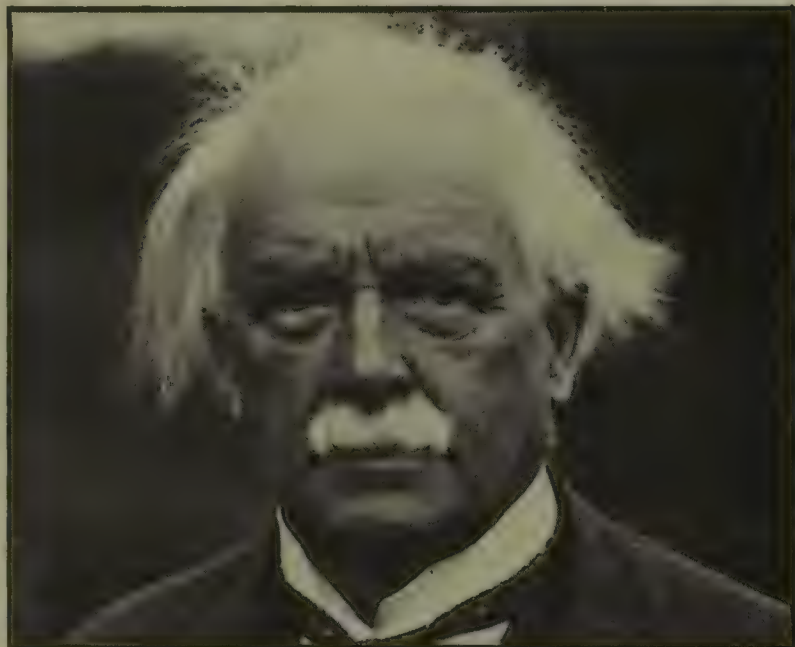
"There was no man so gifted, so eloquent, so forceful, who knew the life of the people so well. His warm heart was stirred by the many perils which beset the cottage homes, the health of the breadwinner, the fate of his widow, the nourishment and upbringing of his children, the meagre and haphazard provision of medical treatment and sanatoria. All this excited his wrath. Power and compassion lent their powerful wings. . . Then there was his dauntless courage, his untiring energy, his oratory, persuasive, provocative, now grave, now gay. His swift, penetrating, comprehensive mind was always grasping at the root of any question. His eye ranged ahead of the obvious. He was always hunting in the field beyond. . ."

The curious thing was that such a man fell from power in 1922 and spent the last 23 years of his life in a political wilderness. He produced a plan, influenced by Lord Keynes, which would have put an end to the slump, but he was more or less ignored. As fascinating as his rise was his fall. There are simple reasons for his inability to return to power when he remained, in his 60s and

70s, an incomparable political intelligence. I discussed these with Sir Oswald Mosley who, before his Fascist days, had been close to the Welshman. Sir Oswald's view was that pygmies had destroyed the great man; men like Baldwin, Chamberlain and Law and their satraps. British politics have use for giants in times of crisis; at other times they disturb the land's deep idleness and conservative nature. Glum, tedious people, nervous of change, cozened by their power-bases, whether in the banks, the trade unions, the country families, trade, newspapers, the Tory, Labour or Liberal parties, are the preferred: a Chamberlain over a Churchill, a Gaiskell over a Bevan. But that, in Lloyd George's case, is not the whole tale.

He was born in Manchester of Welsh parents. His father died when he was a child and so he was taken to Llanystumdwy in north Wales at the age of 18 months and brought up by his mother and his uncle Richard Lloyd, the village shoemaker. The household's religion was an isolated and democratic form of non-conformity, not as posh as the Methodists, not as respectable as the Baptists. Of all Welsh-speaking sects none stood further from the English Church or the local Tory landlords.

By the standards of the people he was to confront in his 20s in the House of Commons, this environment was poverty indeed. For him it was not. In that place at that time he was awash with comfort, affection and praise.



David Lloyd George. Top, Budget Day 1910. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his wife, Winston Churchill, and his secretary, Mr Clarke.

Deprivation is not an absolute. In Lloyd George's upbringing that relative poverty was unnoticed since he was treated as special: at the age of five he carried a Liberal banner; at the age of eight at an eisteddfod he sang a solo—*Cofia blentyn ddweud y gwir* (Remember, child to speak the truth). This was an anecdote he used to offer, laughing at its ambiguity, as life was to turn out.

At the age of 18, nine years before he

was to become an MP for Caernarvon after a stormy brief career as a solicitor, he made his first trip to London. This was in the 1880s. Even then he wrote in his diary: "Went to the Houses of Parliament. Very much disappointed with them. Grand buildings outside but inside they are crabbed, small and suffocating, especially the House of Commons. I will not say but that I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in

which William the Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor, as the region of his future domain. Oh Vanity."

Vanity it was not to be, but fact. He became David the conqueror by an amalgam of passion, sweet talk, intrigue and energy. Owen Glendower, as represented by Shakespeare, roared of the great things he would do, things so amazing he could not quite define them. Lloyd George was to dominate the Liberal Cabinet when it came to power in 1905, was to give a very precise definition to his tax reforms and to his proposals for old age pensions and national insurance. He deeply rattled his staid Liberal colleagues; even his Prime Minister, Asquith, was a shade worried. As it turned out he was right to be, since his Chancellor and then War Minister in 1916 when the future was dark replaced him as Prime Minister and virtually finished their Liberal Party.

I regret that on the one occasion I heard Lloyd George make what was held to be a great speech—it was in Victoria Park, Swansea, the crowd huge, he in his mid 70s, myself seven—I could not comprehend, although I could hear that light voice, what on earth he was talking about. But I have read enough since to see why it was he swayed a nation and, eventually, a continent. Sometimes the speeches are extraordinarily theatrical—but he was one of the first to understand the theatre of political persuasion, as he was to arrange the Press and propaganda. When arguing a land tax and attacking the coal owners he would beguile a crowd with:

"Have you ever been down a coalmine? I went down one the other day. We sank down into a pit half a mile deep. We then walked underneath a mountain and we had about three quarters of a mile of rock and shale above us. The earth seemed to be straining around us and above us, to crush us in. You could see the pit props bent and twisted and sundered, their fibres split in resisting the pressure. Sometimes they give way and then there is mutilation and death. Often a spark ignites and the whole pit is deluged in fire and the breath of life is scorched out of hundreds of breasts by the consuming flame. In the very next colliery to the one I descended just a few years ago, 300 people lost their lives in that way. And yet when the Prime Minister and I knock at the doors of those great landlords and say to them: 'Here, you know, these poor fellows who have been digging up royalties at the risk of their lives, some of them are old, they have survived the perils of their trade, they are broken, they can earn no more. Won't you give something towards keeping them out of the workhouse? They scowl at us. We say, 'Only a half-penny, only a copper.' They retort: 'You thieves.' And they turn their dogs on us, and you can hear them bark every morning."

Very soon those "dogs", that is, the Press, were to bark differently, as Lloyd George suborned the most important. And just as the writings of historians like A. J. P. Taylor, Kenneth O. Morgan,

Lord Beaverbrook, John Grigg and others are the ones to read on the "Welsh wizard", so are the diaries of a Press boss like Lord Riddell who was both dazzled by the maestro but was also with him at Versailles for the Peace Conference in 1919, and sharp enough to note his brilliant conversation on the golf course or wherever he relaxed.

And with the quality of his relaxation, perhaps, we come to the explanation of why such an astonishing genius should have fallen from power before he was 60, and never regained it. This is difficult territory since it is hard to believe that any man's peccadilloes, even in democratic times, can outweigh a country's needs. Can a name for the ladies and a fast buck weigh in the balance against a great Depression leading to world war?

Let us look first at the political scene. Undoubtedly Lloyd George, by becoming the Prime Minister in the desperate crisis of 1916 and, by universal consent, being the dynamic force who won the war, had become beholden to the Tories and had split the Liberal Party. He was the dynamo, the genius; but he had no party to speak of. In the meantime the Labour Party was growing in strength. But for all his compassion for the underdog Lloyd George did not, being a country boy, comprehend the character of the working class. Therefore, if absurdly, he did not join the Labour Party. Moreover, his holding the world stage had undoubtedly given him a whiff of universal hegemony. He fancied a war in Turkey in 1922. No one else did. In a small way, too, perhaps his apophthegms were catching up with him: of the King, "that Hun in the palace"; of Lord Derby that he had sat so long on the fence that the iron had entered his soul; his suggestions from time to time, since he seldom drank himself, that men like Asquith, Churchill, F. E. Smith, were frequently drunk; his belief that people who could not express themselves clearly and concisely should quickly be shown the door. He could never resist a witticism. When Lady Asquith, who hated Lloyd George, had her husband removed to a fresh grave after his death, he remarked: "She could never stop pestering him when he was alive. So why should she when he is dead?"

Next the ladies and the fast buck, and let us take the latter first. There had been a scandal in 1913 which made Lloyd George's hair turn from black to white in which he and his friend in the government Rufus Isaacs, later Lord Reading, were held to have speculated unfairly in Marconi shares. They were cleared of that. But then Prime Minister Lloyd George began selling honours on a large scale: £40,000 for a place in the Lords, £20,000 for a baronetcy, £10,000 for a knighthood. Cardiff became known as the City of Dreadful Knights. As far as one can gather Lloyd George was unabashed about all this. After all, he saw his enemies in the Tory party rich around him from comparable antics in the past which had gained them their dukedoms. More, I suspect, he enjoyed the discomfiture of mocking the whole parade of titles. He had always been

derisive about the aristocracy, while his memory of the nastiness of Tory landlords in his childhood in Wales remained brisk. (There was to be an irony in this since he was to live to be enraged that his famous mistress was to have an affair with a man who knew about the Honours Fund.) But in the end he was to accept an earldom himself.

As for the ladies, he married young and, as many thought, above himself in the neighbourhood. He had five children. His wife did not care for London and nursed the constituency as much as the children. He wrote to her complaining about her reluctance to come to London; she was to come to write to him about the gossip that reached back home. Yet he remained married until his wife died, and soon afterwards in old age married Frances Stevenson who had been his secretary and mistress for nearly 30 years. Now that they are all dead the anecdotes about Frances Stevenson and Lloyd George are common currency; of Lloyd George hurrying his wife out of a front door in Cannes or the West Indies so that the future Countess Lloyd George could come in through the back. But that was not, in his time of power, the element in his behaviour which so stimulated rage.

What appears to have most infuriated his enemies, or even his friends, was his attraction for women, on the one hand, and his ability to be such a brilliant fellow at politics, while finding so much time for his distractions. When I talked to Sir Oswald Mosley about this he said that Lloyd George's technique with women was frightening yet devastating. He would, like Napoleon, ask them to say "Yes or No". If they answered "no", he would move on. The point being, of course, that his wife was in north Wales and his mistress in London. Animal energy always appeared to have supervened. And yet he was the man in the Cabinet most sympathetic to the suffragettes.

There were people who disliked him for this behaviour. Lord Keynes called him The Goat, and the name stuck. Those in politics who preferred drink and their clubs to women also felt the Welshman's behaviour let the side down. But whenever he was brought to court he always managed to get away with it. In a notorious case where a husband alleged Lloyd George was the father of his wife's child, he lost all credibility because the critical evidence was that Lloyd George had written a letter. No one who was a constituent or friend of Lloyd George could believe he had written a letter, so negligent was he of an elementary duty of that kind. When he was first elected to the House of Commons he did not reply to a constituent for a whole year. Yet he changed the face of Europe. But let Winston Churchill who was so in awe of him have a say: "In his prime, his power, his influence, his initiative were unequalled in the land. He was the champion of the weak and the poor. ... As a man of action, resource and creative energy he stood, when at his zenith, without a rival."



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Prehistoric rock art in western Europe

by Lya and Marcel Dams

The authors describe the discoveries of Palaeolithic rock and cave paintings that have been made in Spain and France during the past decade, and explain how they can help us gain a better understanding of the Palaeolithic mind.

During the last decade there have been many discoveries of Palaeolithic cave art in France, Spain and Italy, as well as new finds of painted Mesolithic rock shelters in the Levant area of eastern Spain. Only finds of major importance are described here, though this does not diminish the consequence of the lesser ones. Even a site containing one single figure may be important in itself and add new evidence to help us to a better understanding and understanding of the remarkable phenomenon of prehistoric rock art in western Europe. Due to the new conservation policies, all sites are closed to the general public, though some may be visited by request.

Cueva del Niño at Ayón, in the Spanish province of Albacete, has been a great surprise to archaeologists, as no Palaeolithic art was previously known in the area. The site is located on a steep, harsh cliff inside the wild gorges of the Río Mundo. Though most local peasant farmers were aware of its existence, the paintings became known only in 1970, when they were first seen by a party of schoolchildren hunting for bats.

The cave entrance is actually a small rock shelter with a low opening at the rear, leading to a large hall, followed by a smaller room; there are also several short corridors. The main part of the paintings is located on the left side and can be seen by daylight; all are of remarkable quality and in a good state of preservation. They are all outlined, with an older phase of faint yellowish red and a second phase of darker red, the second being at times superimposed on the first. Some animal figures show a slight modelling of the outline, which is rendered with a swift and sure stroke. The panel contains two stately stags with strong and masterfully rendered antlers, as well as some does, wounded ibex and one horse. These are shown in twisted perspective, with horns and antlers drawn full face; there are also a few symbols of lesser importance.

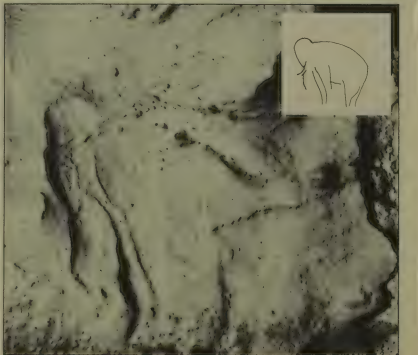
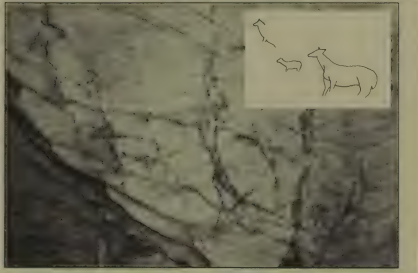
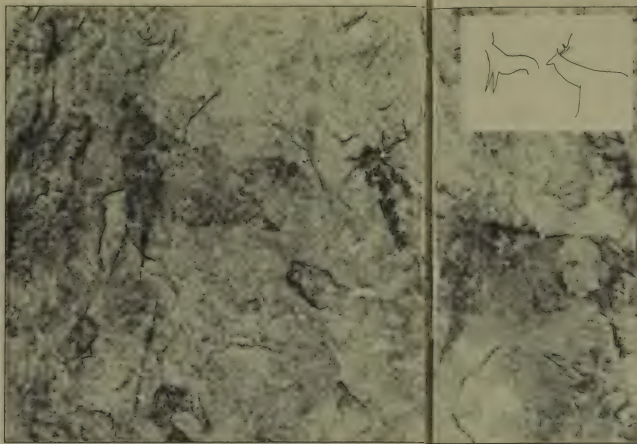
A few other symbols, an ibex and a possible horse are drawn in red in the second room, as well as a large yellowish meander-like sign. There is a strong uniformity of style in all the animal figures, which are compared to the best cave art of the Cantabrian area. The does, especially, are strongly reminiscent in style and technique of those in the cave of Pásiega in

Santander. Pending the results of the excavation of the cave deposits still in progress, they have been attributed to the Late Solutrean or Early Magdalenian shelter, from about 8000 to 16000 BC. Cueva del Niño forms an important link between the cave art of northern Spain and the southern caves like La Pileta or Nerja; we are positive that future discoveries will confirm the extension of Palaeolithic rock art to the central tableland of the peninsula. The rock shelter at the cave entrance contains remains of a few red paintings of three or four eroded human figures in late Levant style, about 5000 BC. This is a rare instance of the coexistence of two entirely different art cycles, emphasizing the repeated occupation of the site at widely different periods.

Near the valley of the Río Cares, surrounded by magnificent scenery and close to the village of Llonin in the province of Asturias, is a notable cave that was used by a local family for manufacturing goat's milk cheese. They had seen paintings inside the cave but made no mention of them, fearing they would be forced to move out. In 1971, when they finally moved to a more suitable location, some speleologists explored the cave and reported the finds.

The original entrance of the Llonin cave was a narrow cleft, which had been enlarged for the cheese factory; several figures were probably lost or badly damaged in the process. Inside there is a narrow gallery blocked by rubble and a large hall with a steeply sloping floor. Most of the art is located on the right-hand wall, at the bottom of the hall, and on a level 8 to 14 metres lower than the entrance. Red symbols, a few engravings, a painted horse and a deer can be seen in other parts of the hall and in the narrow blocked gallery, but the highlight of Llonin is the main panel at the bottom, about 15 metres in length, where three phases have been deciphered.

During the first phase, believed to be Aurignac-Gravettian, before 20000 BC, the wall was covered with abstract symbols in red colour, including elaborate spirals, meanders and peritiform outlines, reminiscent of those of the southern cave of La Pileta (see *ILN*, April, 1976). Other signs are formed by repetitive dotted lines; an area of about 5 square metres has been



Two deer, facing left, are among the figures decorating the rock shelters at Torcal de las Bojardillas; left, two does with, on the right, a stag with powerful antlers in the Cueva de Níño below; left, the 1.2 metre long sculpted mammoth in the Grotte du Mammouth.

covered with short strokes made by paint-moistened fingertips, and there is also an interesting female anthropomorphic figure in profile, with an oval head and a single pendulous breast. This feature is at present unique in Palaeolithic cave art, in which the few female figures known are either engraved or sculpted.

At a later stage the wall was covered with fine hairline engravings which invariably cut through the red paintings. There are 32 engraved animals, mainly bison and ibex, deer and a few horses, beautifully proportioned and displaying particularly fine hatching and shading of the muscles. This technique can be observed on the walls of the caves of Altamira and Castillo, also on engraved bones found in the Solutrean deposits of these caves. Therefore the Llonin engravings, which are quite similar, are dated to the Late Solutrean or Early Magdalenian period, about from 16000 to 16000 BC.

During the third and last phase the wall was ornamented with black paintings, overlapping the earlier ones, with various dotted signs, some bison modelled in black wash, a few does and bison, a lovely ibex and a possible wolf or wild dog. This phase is believed to date from the Late Magdalenian V-VI, about 10000 BC.

Coimbre at Peñamellera Alta near Llonin, also in the province of Asturias, inside the valley of a tributary of the Río

Cares, was originally explored by a group from the University of Lancaster; the engravings were first seen in 1971 by local schoolchildren.

Originally the enormous porch of Coimbre had two floors. The upper one, said to have contained a huge archaeological deposit which was carried away for fertilizer, collapsed long ago. The walls of the porch are badly eroded, though a few engravings can still be observed: incised signs, some schematic vulvae and other symbols. We believe that some barely visible horses' heads (low relief) are located on the left wall. Beyond the porch a steep slope leads to a funnel-shaped hall with huge collapsed boulders strewn all over the floor. One of these, dramatically located where daylight is last seen, has a strikingly impressive deep carving of a bison 1.25 metres long. The impact on the shelter is forceful and it was undoubtedly meant to be seen from afar when scrambling down the slope.

There are other finely engraved figures including a deer and a bow, narrow incised signs, a schematic animal, and a deer. The carved bison is undoubtedly the most important, but it is followed by the discovery of a few engravings at Las Mestas, more recently of a polychrome bison at Cueva Oscura de Ania. The discovery of a further four ornamental rock shelters was announced at the 1979 Altamira Symposium in Madrid when we were able to visit the sites.

All four rock shelters were discovered in 1978; they are: Cueva de los Murcielagos with one engraved bison, Cueva de Godolfo with a painted ibex, Cueva de la Viña and Cueva de la Lluera. Cueva de la Viña has many deep engravings of boids, deer, horses and symbols, some of them cut into the surface of a high, sloping cliff, some inside a small rock shelter within the cliff. Some of them are partly buried under archaeological deposits which promise a very rewarding excavation; the possibility of obtaining dating for the paintings can be reached only by boat.

Chufin has a wide porch and the overhang forms a spacious rock shelter; a low, narrow passage at the rear leads to a large hall with a fairly large lake at the bottom. The lake may be related to the building of the dam, as several engravings have recently been reported beyond it. The rock shelter contains several remarkable groups of rock carvings on huge boulders and on the left wall. Two phases can be traced, the oldest displaying a very fine and barely visible outline, while the second is deeply and boldly carved. The portrayed animals are stags, does, ibex, several fish and a striking bayed fallow deer; the vigorous outlines show great technical skill. Inside the cave there are various engravings, symbols, a long-necked bird, a male anthropomorph. On a high and slippery ledge near the lake, on the left wall, there are various finely engraved horses, while the ceiling above the ledge was first covered with red ochre, then painted with large and im-

pressive red symbols. One of these is a rectangle of about 130 dots in groups; another, almost 1 metre long, has five parallel lines totalling 180 dots. A large cluster of dots surrounds a natural cleft evoking a vulva, while a red deer is painted nearby. Some faded red animals and symbols can be seen on the opposite wall. On stylistic evidence Chufin has been ascribed to the Aurignac-Perigordian, before 20000 BC; it is hoped that the present excavations will confirm this date. Its great interest resides in the open-air engravings: low relief and sculpture. In the Palaeolithic rock shelters are relatively frequent in France, only three sites of this type were known in the peninsula when Chufin was discovered: Hornos de la Peña, Venta de la Perra and Coimbre.

The important cave of San Roman de Andorra (known and studied for over 60 years), was believed to be an isolated outpost of Palaeolithic cave art at the western tip of the province of Asturias. In our opinion most great art caves are surrounded by a cluster of minor sites with few figures. The isolation of San Roman was first confirmed by the discovery of a few engravings at Las Mestas, more recently of a polychrome bison at Cueva Oscura de Ania. The discovery of a further four ornamental rock shelters was announced at the 1979 Altamira Symposium in Madrid when we were able to visit the sites.

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As to Cueva de la Lluera, it is a small rock shelter with a stream running through it and contains over 100 engravings of boids, ibex, a possible reindeer and many symbols. At both sites the engravings are powerfully cut with a sure hand and are strongly reminiscent in style of those of the shallow caves of the Rhône valley, where they have been dated to the Solutrean period, from 20000 to 16000 BC.

The important group of rock art at Fuente del Trucho, Colungo, is located in a spectacular landscape inside the valley of a tributary of the Río Vero in the province of Huesca. Steep limestone cliffs of varied colours contain hundreds of small rock shelters with breathtaking views. A few years ago schematic paintings ascribed to the Bronze Age were found in the area, near the entrance of the shelter. The new group discovered in 1979 includes a small cave with Palaeolithic art, a rock shelter with a frieze depicting a stag hunt of Levant period and others with later Bronze Age

paintings of schematic type. The cave has a very low entrance, and several stencilled hands on a red background, as well as the remains of horses drawn in red outline, are located on the right side and visible by daylight. At the rear there are many signs formed by repetitive dotted lines reminiscent of those in the cave of Chufin. This is the first Palaeolithic art cave on the southern slopes of the Pyrenees; it should be the first of many, as there is no reason to assume that cave-artists restricted themselves to the northern slope where the Levant art caves like Niaux or Tuc de Frères are located. Mousterian deposits have been found in front of the cave and the excavations are expected to yield important results, allowing the plotting of the route followed by Palaeolithic man when crossing into the peninsula.

The painted Levant rock shelter nearby is just as important as the cave; to date it is the northernmost site known with this type of art. This may point to a northern penetration of the hunter-gatherer groups coming from the Mediterranean shore. The location of these sites, separated by the Pyrenees, strongly stresses the permeability of the site and its repeated occupation during a considerable length of time, from before 16000 for the Palaeolithic cave to about 2000 BC for the Bronze Age art.

When we reported the discovery of Levant art in the vicinity of the village of Nerpio in the province of Albacete (see *ILN*, March, 1973) there were 15 known sites, of which ten belonged to this type of art. During the past decade six new groups have been found in the same area, the most important in 1974 by the schoolmaster of the hamlet of Las Bojardillas.

Torcal de las Bojardillas is a rocky outcrop with seven painted rock shelters and a sweeping view over the river and the neighbouring plain. There are over 900 figures in various colours and styles, many of them overpainted, pointing to repeated use of the site. Their size varies from a relatively large stag of 82 centimetres to human figures of 5 millimetres which makes them the most diminutive known to date in Levant art. They are in a fairly good state of preservation, the only damage with a sure hand and are strongly reminiscent in style of those of the shallow caves of the Rhône valley, where they have been dated to the Solutrean period, from 20000 to 16000 BC.

➔

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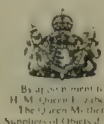


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boughs, while a doe with broken legs is painted inside; this is the clearest instance known of prehistoric trapping. Several phases can be traced at Bojadillas by studying the superimposed paintings, starting with large deer, which point to a cooler climate, heavy forest and greater rainfall than at the present time. This is followed by bovids and horses, indicating a shift to dryer steppe conditions, while the diminutive human figures end the series; the whole may cover a period from 8000 to 4000 BC.

The honey-gathering scene at La Araña, near Bicorp in the province of Valencia, has been known for over 60 years and is probably the most widely known painting of Levant art. At the foot of this rocky outcrop is the Barranco del Buitre, a narrow and picturesque gorge in beautiful surroundings with many small streams. During the past decade nine rock shelters with paintings have been found here; all have painted friezes and six of them have naturalistic figures in Levant style. All are relatively well preserved, the most outstanding being the following: Charco de la Madera, a vast two-storeyed shelter overlooking a crystal-clear pool, where Levant and Bronze Age paintings intermingle; a solitary female figure with long, swirling hair performs a dance in the centre of the frieze surrounded by various animals and huntsmen, some clad in tunics. Another huge rock shelter with a stream gushing out of it is Balsa de Calicanto; here again various styles intermingle with a prevailing proportion of meandering or spiralled symbols. Many of these have been repainted several times pointing to a necessity arising from the presence of water inside the rock shelter. Finally Cueva Lucio has about 17 female figures shown in various postures; one group with linked arms seems to be performing a dance. They have pendulous breasts, wide skirts and bracelets, while their short hair evokes a pageboy bob. The entire area may have been specially consecrated to a female cult as there are female figures at each site and women are very seldom portrayed in Levant art.

The Grotte de Paulin at Les Eyzies in the Dordogne is located just opposite the major art cave of Font-de-Gaume and has a complex two-level network; it has been explored by speleologists since 1975 and the paintings were first seen in 1978. The natural entrance is blocked by rubble and the present access through a deep vertical shaft is extremely difficult and can only be undertaken with special equipment. There are several paintings, one of a large mammoth in black wash, in the upper level. The lower network contains many engravings and a group of finger-drawings in a quite striking technique, previously unknown in Palaeolithic cave art: "macaroni" or finger-drawings are either done by pressing the fingers into soft clay or decomposing limestone, or by tracing outlines with fingers dipped into moist clay. At Grotte de Paulin the wall was first coated with humid clay

and the outlines were cut through with the fingertips, leaving the white limestone background visible. No date has yet been ascribed to this cave which is due for excavation; in our opinion the finger-drawings should be Aurignaco-Perigordian, before 20000 BC.

The Grotte du Pigeonnier and Grotte du Mammouth at St Front-de-Domme, also in the Dordogne, are probably the last decade's most spectacular discoveries. Both are small, tunnel-like caves on the same cliff-face; together with the numerous surrounding rock shelters, they have been variously used as stables, cellars or dwelling-places, the Grotte du Pigeonnier also for raising pigeons. The engravings and sculptures were first seen in 1977. Both caves are closed by masonry walls with a bad surface of compacted sand adhering to the limestone which is not particularly suitable for carving. Therefore most figures are badly preserved.

Grotte du Pigeonnier is a long, narrow corridor with engravings high on both sides. These are of large size, up to 1.6 metres long, and some carvings make use of the natural relief of the rock. There are large headless horses and bovids, partly engraved and partly sculpted in low relief, also smaller animals, various symbols and a beautiful small mammoth in high relief. All the headless animals have delicately modelled hind quarters with realistic tails. The fact that the heads are lacking, excluding the mammoth, may be intentional and have a cultic purpose.

Grotte du Mammouth is wider and deeper than the former with large fallen boulders strewn all over the floor. There is a sculpted mammoth 1.2 metres long on the left side with an exceptionally impressive and life-like stance; the tusks, high-relief trunk and triangular eye are outstanding and show technical skill of the highest order. A mammoth, horses engraved or in high relief, the large head of a stag and other symbols can be seen on the walls and on fallen boulders. Both caves were definitely ornamented at the same time: they follow the same pattern of sculpted figures in the front area and engravings at the rear, which may be due to the intention of using daylight effectively. Pending excavation, we think they date from the Early Magdalenian, around 15000 to 14000 BC.

All these recent discoveries will help us to gain a better understanding of the working of the Palaeolithic mind as well as many other aspects of man's way of life: new techniques at Grotte de Paulin, new locations like Cueva del Niño or Fuente del Trucho, pointing to previously unknown migration routes, insights into prehistoric trapping or the beginnings of agriculture, like Torcal de las Bojadillas. Little by little an overall pattern seems to emerge, even if it is not yet clearly understood, which will certainly be clarified by excavation. It is therefore essential to uphold the decision to keep most prehistoric art sites closed to the public as the only way to ensure their preservation for future study.

Boating on the Canal du Midi

by David Tennant

"Messing about in boats" has been a British preoccupation for generations which has never been restricted just to this country. Whether canoeing in Sweden, yachting in the Aegean, cruising on the Rhine or sailing around Malta, the popularity of water-borne holidays increases each year. Across the Channel the rivers and canals of France have a particular appeal, not least for the gastronomic delights that accompany such a holiday.

Foremost among these is the Canal du Midi which with its extensions links the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. Built on the orders of Louis XIV in the amazingly short period of 16 years, it celebrates its third centenary this year. Although various improvements have been carried out over the years, the canal remains for much of its length the magnificent waterway conceived and built by Pierre-Paul Riquet, a native of Béziers, around which small Languedoc city with its splendid fortified cathedral the canal wends its way towards its eastern end.

Today the section from Toulouse to the Mediterranean and the Rhône delta is largely given up to pleasure traffic, though many holiday craft also sail westwards right to the edge of Bordeaux. But it was to spend a few days on the eastern stretch that I flew with Dan-Air to Montpellier from Gatwick with a small group last September. We picked up a six-berth motor cruiser at Capetang, 10 miles from Béziers, and over a long weekend pottered up and down some 40 miles of the canal tying up more or less where and when the fancy took us.

With the peak holiday season over there were not many other vessels about, just enough to create an interest but not to cause any delays at the locks. Only one of our group could have been termed an expert in the handling of the stout craft but by following the clear instructions in the manual we had no problems at all.

The canal wends its way through the department of Hérault with its prosperous farms and abundant vineyards, where they had just started to gather the grape harvest—and what superb grapes they were, costing only a few francs for a large box. Although we were too early for the first of the new wine the vintages from previous years proved most acceptable and were also inexpensive.

However, do not imagine we were on a purely Bacchanalian voyage. We stopped at various places and set off on foot to see the local sights; among the most fascinating were the archaeological excavations at Oppidum d'Enserune. The remains of this pre-Roman town are on top of a hill some 5 miles west of Béziers. It was a major settlement in the fourth century BC, and



One of Beaver Fleet's fully equipped motor cruisers navigating the Canal du Midi.

many of its remains, including huge olive oil pots, have been housed in a small museum. It is quite a climb but worth the effort, if only for the bird's eye view of the Etang de Montady.

This was once a lake but in 1248 the Archbishop of Narbonne ordered it to be drained, because the water had become foul, and turned over to agriculture. The process took about 20 years to complete and was done in such a way that all the fields run in radial segments into what was the centre of the lake. From the top of the hill it looks like a vast wheel carved on the ground, a quite extraordinary sight.

We tied up to go exploring at the entrance to the 160 metre-long Malpas tunnel, just one of the marvels of the canal and more or less as it was bored when Le Roi Soleil sat on the throne of France. But the highlight of the journey was undoubtedly descending through the seven locks and basins at Fonserannes, just outside Béziers. Considering when this water staircase was originally built, it is an astonishing piece of engineering, allowing vessels to rise or descend over 150 feet. And when you have passed through you sail over the high, graceful aqueduct crossing the river Orb.

Our short itinerary allowed us to sample some of the many local restaurants. One is worthy of special mention, the Château de Colombiers in the small town of the same name and standing close to the canal. Here we had a five-course dinner, including superb home-made terrine, which worked out at about £6 a head with wine.

As the cruiser had a fully equipped kitchen, including an effective refrigerator, we not unnaturally did some cooking ourselves, after shopping in local markets and stores. Prices were modest, especially for fruit, vegetables and farm produce, and a long, leisurely, al fresco lunch with an abundance of wine (we did not plan to move for several hours) was a delight I shall long remember.

Though our stay was so short, it con-

vinced me that a holiday on the Canal du Midi is to be recommended. The cruiser was one of the large and varied Beaver Fleet owned and operated by FreshFields, part of the Butlins holiday organization. Accommodating from two to ten people, the boats are based at Port Cassafières, near Béziers, for the eastern half of the canal and at Port Sud, close to Toulouse, for the western section. All the craft are modern, specially designed for this type of holiday, and fully equipped with showers, flush lavatories, electricity and heating. Diesel-powered, they are easier to handle than one might expect. Although it is not necessary to be an expert (the detailed manual plus initial handing-over instructions, all in English, are comprehensive), it is an advantage for one member of the party to have had at least some previous experience.

Holidays can start on any day except Wednesday and Sunday, according to the type of craft. Bicycles can be hired to be taken with you if you are sufficiently energetic. There is ample free car parking space at the pick-up bases which are a couple of days' easy driving from the Channel ports. Alternatively you can fly from London to either Montpellier or Toulouse where you are met and taken by road to the base.

These holidays are not the cheapest in France but vary substantially according to the season and the type of craft selected. If you travel with your own car, the cost for one week is between £50 and £297 per person to include the ferry crossing, and for two weeks from £80 to £557. With air travel the prices from London are respectively £136 to £376 and from £166 to £636. If you make your own travel arrangements, the cost of hiring a cruiser (two to ten berths) is between £148 and £765 per week. The craft are available from March to October.

FreshFields Boating Holidays, Free-post, Box 1,000, Croydon CR9 6ES, Surrey. French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL.

Where was Chicago?

From Father Edwin H. Walker IV

Dear Sir,

I was surprised to find a most astonishing lacuna in "Holiday 1981, The American Dream" (*JLN*, January). To write about major points of interest and activity in the USA and Canada without mentioning the vibrant city of Chicago is indeed a major oversight.

Contrary to the stereotyped understanding of many people, Chicago is *not* the Al Capone city of gangsters and ruffians. Our city boasts one of the most beautiful, if not indeed the most beautiful, skylines of any city on the North American continent. To drive down the Lakeshore Drive in the evening with the vast stretch of Lake Michigan to the east and the expanse of park framed to the west by the handsome buildings along the Magnificent Mile (Michigan Avenue) is an overwhelming experience.

Likewise, Chicago excels in all cultural fields, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Sir Georg Solti ranking among the finest in the world; the Art Institute, containing one of the world's finest permanent Impressionist collections—to mention but two of the highlights.

Chicago is the transportation hub of the nation, and her airport, O'Hare International, ranks as the busiest in the world. Likewise, the city is an important centre of finance, industry and agriculture and is noted for its achievements in architecture.

Father Edwin H. Walker IV
Chicago, USA

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award

From the chairman of the Gilbey Jubilee Collection

Dear Sir,

To mark the 25th anniversary of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award in 1981 an edition of commemorative loving cups and beakers, bearing the cypher designed at the College of Arms and officially approved for the occasion, is being created by the sheltered workshop of Queen Elizabeth's Foundation for the Disabled. A part of all proceeds goes to the Duke of Edinburgh's Award 25th Anniversary Appeal which is under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of London. Marketing and distribution of the editions is through the Gilbey Jubilee Collection.

May I ask please for all those who have ever been associated with the Award—sponsors, voluntary helpers and Award holders as well as participants—to get in touch with me so that details can be sent. Each piece will bear the name of the individual.

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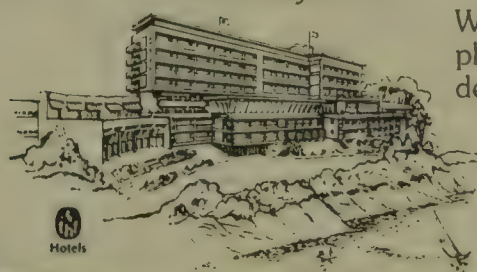
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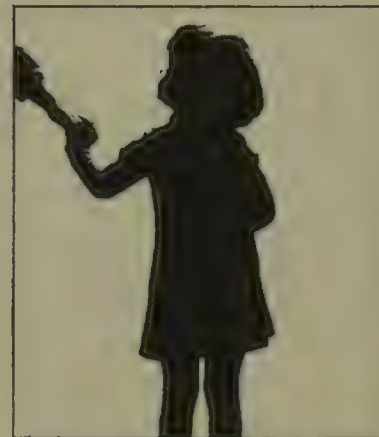
She is 3½, the child of a broken marriage, with a violent father. When first she came to us, she was so lost and disturbed she wouldn't speak and didn't even know how to play.

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 **Dr Barnardo's**

The riches of Franconia

by Patricia Brent

"If it's Tuesday, it must be Würzburg!" I wrote on a postcard from Franconia, where Goethe said "nature and art are united in harmony". This part of Germany is so rich in masterpieces of art and architecture, its countryside so unspoilt and varied, that I came home dizzy with the joys of discovery and amazed that so few British tourists seem to explore more of it. The only snag is the summer weather, which can be no more reliable than our own.

The first thing I learnt was that to call a Franconian "Bavarian" is almost as insulting as calling a Scot "English". Although this area, which is roughly the size of Kent, Surrey and Sussex together, has officially been part of the larger state since 1806, it remains essentially what it has been since the Middle Ages—a series of royal courts whose princely dynasties patronized generations of great artists, masters of sculpture and architects of the baroque, including one of the most brilliant of all conjurors with light and space, Balthasar Neumann.

The rulers of these miniature kingdoms had summer palaces in the countryside, like Pommersfelden, where even the saddle room of the stables is covered with frescoes; and Veitshöchheim, whose formal gardens are peopled with rococo gods, goddesses, musicians and dancers, radiant with sexy charm. They dominated the neat villages of steep-roofed, half-timbered houses with more turreted castles, great baroque basilicas like Neumann's Vierzeheiligen and Gössweinsteine, and monasteries such as Waldsassen where even the pulpit and its canopy are of solid silver.

The river Main and its innumerable tributaries wind through these lands, now mostly nature parks, from the carp ponds, gentle cornfields and woods of the Rangau and Steiger, through the limestone crags, caverns and ravines of Franconian Switzerland to the pine forests of the Fichtel mountains. Every kind of outdoor activity is organized in the parks with typical German efficiency, each walking path is graded for length and effort and every village has its swimming pool, heated all year round. In winter you can ski across country by floodlight. When I was shown the Fichtel lake I was told that in about two years' time it would be three times as big: "At present it gets a bit too crowded for boats and bathers."

At Nuremberg, where I began my tour, I stood on the castle ramparts and looked down on the panorama of black, spikey church towers, red and white shuttered medieval houses, burghers' sandstone mansions, their stepped gables and gingerbread-coloured roofs topped with curlicues and statues. Since about 80 per cent of the inner city was



Top, Coburg's imposing castle and the church of St Maurice. Above, interior of the Margravine's Opera House, Bayreuth, designed by Giuseppe and Carlo Bibiena.

destroyed in the Second World War, most of it has been, or is still being, painstakingly rebuilt. Even the St Lorenzkirche station of the new, half-completed underground is like a cathedral crypt, with a full-size, softly lit bas-relief of the church's rose window on its dark stone walls, showcases displaying objects from the Germanic National Museum—and not an advertisement in sight.

Bamberg, founded in the tenth century by the saint-emperor Henry II, was relatively untouched by the war. The river Regnitz divides in the heart of the city and old fishermen's houses and handsome mansions are reflected in the water. The medieval town hall is built on a bridge straddling it. On one of the town's hills 700 years of architecture, from Romanesque to baroque, encom-

pass the square. Here the cathedral glories in what Sacheverell Sitwell has called the most beautiful works of the Middle Ages in Germany, ranging from the full-size equestrian statue of a knight to a pig-tailed Saxon queen, only a few inches high, carved on a choir stall.

Each city has a different character. Ansbach is where Caroline, George II's wife, grew up; Bach and rococo festivals are held in the gardens and orangery of the Residenz and in the Gothic church, whose choir is a romantic chapel of the Knights of the Swan. In Bayreuth the Margravine Wilhelmine of Brandenburg, sister of Frederick the Great, commissioned one of the prettiest opera house interiors in Europe. It is the stylistic antithesis of the Wagner Festspielhaus. Perhaps it is a sign of the city's slightly ambivalent attitude to the

Wagner dynasty that in the excellent museum, Haus Wahnfried, one of its 20 rooms is reserved for "curiosities, monstrosities and extraordinary objects" in order, the guidebook says, "... to avoid the appearance of uncritical admiration". The curiosities include marzipan busts of the Master, which I was delighted to discover you can still buy in a smart café nearby.

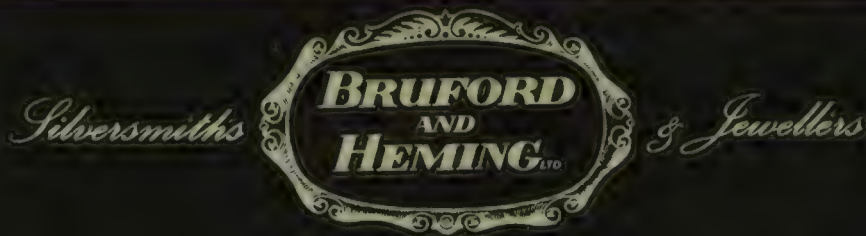
But you do not need to go to Bayreuth to hear music in Franconia. There are frequent concerts everywhere, in palaces, cathedrals, gardens and courtyards. On the day I was in Coburg there was even a *matinée* for old-age pensioners in the opera house which Queen Victoria must have visited when she stayed with Prince Albert and his family in the neo-Gothic palace across the square. From it a park leads up to a great fortress which was once a refuge for Martin Luther and is now a museum housing splendid collections of everything from armour and carriages to the glass and porcelain for which the area is still famous. Würzburg's equally vast castle includes a wine museum with the vines themselves stretching up to its walls. The city boasts what Napoleon called "the most beautiful parsonage in Europe", a *Residenz* to rival Versailles. With over 300 rooms, it was master-minded for the prince-bishops of Schönborn by Balthasar Neumann, the ceilings of his lofty staircase, hall and Kaisersaal ablaze with Tiepolo frescoes.

I had expected Germany to be expensive, yet my single room with lavatory and shower in a Bayreuth *gasthof* cost only £6.25 a night, with an ample German breakfast. In the nature parks I saw farmhouses charging as little as £2.25, and there are even self-catering flats whose rent works out at around £1.50 per person a night. My main meals, including piled platefuls of venison, wild boar, quail and trout, cost from £4 to £8 with a glass of beer or the dry, potent Franconian wine. The only really expensive dinner I ate was as a guest at Pfau's Posthotel in Pegnitz, 27 kilometres south of Bayreuth, which specializes in the *nouvelle cuisine*, has a Michelin star and prices to match. But even there, out of festival time, a double room with bath is only £24.50 a night.

The cheapest way of travelling between towns is by German Railways' local "rover" tickets offering ten days' unlimited travel over about 100 kilometres and costing around £9 for one person, £12 for two. But to explore properly you really need a car. Lufthansa's fly-drive scheme based on Nuremberg costs £147-£187 return for each person from London, which includes a small car with unlimited mileage for eight days if two travel together.

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Canterbury pilgrimage

by Ursula Robertshaw

We chose our particular weekend for two reasons. First, Canterbury Cathedral has been welcoming pilgrims for over 800 years and we felt it was about time we visited the Mother Church of Anglican Christendom and the city that is centred upon it; and second, as we had taken our autumn holiday in the worst two weeks of an overall rotten season, we felt in need of a bit of consoling luxury and pampering.

We devoted Saturday to Canterbury. This is a city of contrasts, where ancient landmarks such as the medieval Westgate, last survivor of the city's eight original gateways and the earliest known fortress to be used with guns, coexist in reasonable amity with modern infill necessitated by the 1942 air raid that destroyed a third of the buildings within the walls. But the overall impression is of the tides of history that have flowed, sometimes stormily, over these pavements where Celts, Romans, Saxons and Normans fought successively to establish themselves, leaving traces we can still see today.

Perambulation is infinitely rewarding. We wandered down picturesque Mercery Lane, so narrow that the overhanging galleries of the houses almost touch overhead—the west side was originally the Chequers of the Hope hostelry, where 100 pilgrims could be accommodated in one big dormitory. We looked down towards Westgate, which straddles the London Road, and were confronted by buildings of four different centuries, including the timber-framed House of Agnes, traditionally the home of David Copperfield's Agnes Wickfield. We were enchanted by The Weavers, a group of 16th-century houses on the banks of the Stour in St Peter's Street where the Huguenots set up their looms, and by the little Dane John pleasure garden, created at the end of the 18th century from a defensive mound just outside the city walls.

And so, continually distracted, we came eventually to the heart of Canterbury, the great cathedral itself. For the religious it is the spiritual home of English Christianity; for lovers of beauty it is a temple of the arts; for those fascinated by history it is a book wherein who runs may read. Its magnificent fan-vaulted lantern; the superb intricately carved screen separating choir from nave; the richly coloured and gilded tomb of Archbishop Chichele, the *memento mori* sculpture of his naked corpse lying beneath that showing him in full glory of episcopal regalia—a sermon in stone if ever there was one; the serene alabaster figures of Margaret Holland and her two husbands; the airy lightness of the cloisters with their medieval coats of arms, bright as spangles—all these linger in the memory, together with one

moment that overwhelmed me: the first view of the stained glass windows by Erwin Bossanyi in the south-east transept which date only from 1960. Their wonderful colours are like a great Te Deum singing out against the soft-chanted prayers of the medieval glass; their subjects are Salvation and Peace.

We had intended to devote Sunday to a long, invigorating walk along part of the Pilgrims' Way, the medieval path from Winchester to Canterbury that lies over a prehistoric track along the Downs. But a fine, chill rain was falling so we decided instead to look at some of Kent's villages, concentrating on the area just around Canterbury. This programme provided many delights. There are villages almost too pretty to be quite believable, notably Chilham with its little square of black-and-white cottages, refaced in the 18th century with brick. Chilham is rather like a film set and one gathers that in the summer you can hardly see it at all for coaches. The day we were there it was deserted except for one man making purposefully for the White Horse Inn.

We also discovered Wye, still almost entirely Georgian; Wickhambriex, whose church contains a fine Art Nouveau Annunciation window; Fordwich, once the port for Canterbury, which still has its Town Hall, dating from the early 16th century; and Barfreston, pronounced "Barston", whose church of St Nicholas is embellished with magnificent Caen stone carvings. And there was much else to see.

To satisfy the second of our two aims we chose as our base Eastwell Manor, which lies on the A251 Ashford-Faversham road and is only an hour's drive from London. The lovely gabled house, set round a courtyard, has been a hotel for only just over a year. Set in a 3,000 acre estate which includes a 2 mile stretch of the Pilgrims' Way, it is owned by Matthew Bates, who sets, and achieves, the very highest standards of eating and drinking (he served an apprenticeship with the Relais et Chateaux Group in France and his head chef was lured away from the Carlton Tower) and of comfort. Eastwell Manor provides the flavour of, but much more luxuriousness than, a country house weekend and the youthful and exceptionally pleasant staff made us completely at home. There are special winter terms available until April 12: £30 for any two nights for each person, which includes accommodation, full English breakfast, paper and £9 towards dinner; VAT and service included.

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Vivid pen portrait

by Robert Blake

A Passion for the Particular

Dorothy Wordsworth: A Portrait
by Elizabeth Gunn
Gollancz, £12.50

"May 14th, 1800. Wm and John [Wordsworth's sailor brother later to be lost at sea] set off into Yorkshire after dinner at ½ past 2 o'clock, cold pork in their pockets. I left them at the turning of the low-wood bay under the trees. My heart was so full that I could hardly speak to W. when I gave him a farewell kiss. I sate a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake, and after a flood of tears my heart was easier... I walked as long as I could amongst the stones of the shore. The wood rich in flowers. A beautiful yellow, palish yellow flower, that looked thick round and double—I supposed it was a ranunculus—Crowfoot, the grassy-leaved Rabbit-toothed white flower, strawberries, geranium—scentless violet... I resolved to write a journal of the time till W. and J. return, and I set about keeping my resolve because I will not quarrel with myself, and because I shall give Wm pleasure by it when he comes home again."

Thus began one of the most remarkable diaries ever written. It was not Dorothy Wordsworth's first autobiographical piece, for she had kept a sporadic journal before then, but it was the opening passage of the one that she was to continue regularly for many years to come. Dorothy was devoted to William and she sank her own existence in his career. She believed rightly that he had genius, and she was determined to help him to realize it. The other figure who loomed large in her lakeland life was of course Coleridge, another genius but a much more difficult one than her brother. "At first I thought him very plain, that is for about three minutes: he is pale and thin... has a wide mouth, thick lips and not very good teeth, longish loose-growing half curling rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes you think no more of them."

Did she fall in love with him? The author guesses that she did, and shrewdly observes that the usual argument to the contrary, the very openness of her expressions of affection, does not work in this case. As de Quincy observed, Dorothy was "liberated from that false shame which in so many persons accompanies all expression of natural emotions". Elizabeth Gunn is, however, doubtful whether Dorothy at first had any great appeal for Coleridge. "He was still physically happily married to Sara [Fricker], who as a mental companion had palled as early as on his honeymoon, as must almost any woman have done." The quotation, incidentally, is symptomatic of a weakness in this otherwise fascinating book.

Would anyone with an ear for English use "as" four times in one sentence? Dorothy Wordsworth would certainly not have done so.

The author finds it at times difficult to write clearly and syntactically. For example what exactly does this mean? "But if the nature of his relationship with Sara was to bring out a puritan side in Coleridge (as lust without respect perversely to make him regard the marriage tie, however unhappy, as binding since in this way only could it be purified), must not Dorothy, quick and herself chaste, have been before him—in recognizing that Sara was far from being, as he put it 'a wife in the purest holiest sense of the word'?"

There are too many convoluted sentences of this sort to make the book easy reading. Another difficulty is that a good deal of prior knowledge is needed on the part of the reader to understand the story. It is as if the author is herself so immersed in Wordsworth's poems, in his correspondence with Dorothy and in Dorothy's letters and journals, that she takes for granted in others an expertise which they may well not possess.

Nevertheless the book is absorbing. It is a vivid pen portrait of a very remarkable character. One can hear and see Dorothy, small, grey-eyed, darting here and there, in the house, walking with her brother and Coleridge miles across the hills of the Lake District, half stammering out her thoughts, impressions, ideas in a constant rush of excitement. Why, it might be asked, does her personality matter at all? The answer is that she inspired both her brother, and to some extent Coleridge, too, in some of their greatest works.

The long sojourn of the Wordsworths at Dove Cottage from 1800 was remarkably fruitful. Some of William's finest poems were written then. Dorothy bore philosophically his marriage to Mary Hutchinson in 1802—more philosophically than she bore Coleridge's existing marriage to Sara who, in spite of all the entwined intimacy of the two families, remains for her "Mrs Coleridge" to the end. Dorothy observed scenery and flowers with minute attention—hence the title of the book. She passed these observations on to her brother, suggested novels and phrases for him, copied out his poems and helped to correct and revise them. This is her place in literary history, and it is an important one; she has a claim to be joint author of some of the most memorable poetry ever written in the English language.

It would be nice to record a happy ending to all this, but the facts are otherwise. Coleridge's addiction to opium brought that friendship to an end. As for Dorothy she had a stroke in 1831, which inflicted permanent brain damage. The effect was to make her "a violent, greedy, tyrannical, spoilt child". She lingered on tragically, outliving her brother—who had also become a mere ghost of his former self—by four years and dying in 1855.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Andrew and Tobias

by J. I. M. Stewart
Gollancz, £5.50

Collected Short Stories

by Kingsley Amis
Hutchinson, £6.95

The Second Chance and other stories

by Alan Sillitoe
Cape, £5.95

The unexpected reappearance of a long-lost brother or sister, the scope for confusion when identical twins are at large are among the traditional props of the romantic comedy of errors. Coincidence, as in J. I. M. Stewart's entertaining variation on this theme, is of fundamental importance though here it is used merely as a launching point for the ensuing complications.

The Tobias of the title is the adopted son of Howard Felton of Felton House. We meet him as a young man who drives an Aston Martin and has a promising job in the City. As a baby of unknown parentage he had survived the sinking of a refugee ship by a Nazi submarine, and was then adopted by the wealthy Howard Felton whose ancestors had held land before the Norman Conquest but who was himself without a male heir. Though Howard later had a daughter, Ianthe, Tobias (known as Toby) grew up as the accepted heir of Felton. Enter Andrew, a working-class youth from Glasgow who is taken on as under-gardener. Andy proves also to have been a survivor of the refugee ship. His Scottish foster-parents having recently died he has come south alone and now is found to be the identical twin of Toby.

It is a simple device but Mr Stewart makes excellent use of it in showing how his characters adjust to this unusual situation and to one another. The question of who is to inherit Felton becomes so confusing for Howard that he is driven to consider marrying again. The girl he decides to marry is Elma, the doctor's daughter, who has had an affair with Toby and shares her favours with his twin. It is the down-to-earth good sense of Andy that saves the kindly but unknowing Howard from this ghastly mistake by telling him the brutal truth. Ianthe, studying archaeology at Cambridge, finds herself oddly situated with two brothers of a sort (one of whom she finally marries) while her Aunt Grace is concerned that the family's dilemma should be handled with delicacy and due regard for Andy's point of view. He might have misgivings about living with the Feltons: "There is no reason to suppose that the simpler classes feel unqualified admiration for the life of the lesser landed gentry."

For the twin brothers this unexpected encounter with their *alter egos* involves a process of self- and mutual assessment which proves a challenging and

enriching experience.

On the one hand the interest of this story lies in the questions of inheritance, who should marry whom and where they should live. On the other there are the emergent themes of nature and nurture and the significance or irrelevance of differences in social origin and cultural background. Mr Stewart teases out the possibilities and explores his themes with a drily ironic touch and in prose that has elegant precision and a Jamesian fastidiousness.

In the introduction to his *Collected Short Stories* Kingsley Amis describes the pieces as "chips from a novelist's work-bench", even as "telescoped novels". Whether one attributes this to an attempt at pre-emptive bidding or mere complacency there is the nagging question of how to define various fictional forms—short story or tale, long short story or novella ("telescoped" or miniature novel), or novel of standard length (about 75,000 words as Amis defines it). Whatever his prejudices or preconceptions the reader will, I think, find some of these "chips", the science fiction and time-travel pieces among them, insubstantial and ineffective. A previously unpublished story, "To See the Sun", is an accomplished pastiche of the Dracula legend, but those that give most satisfaction and most scope to the distinctive Amis qualities are "My Enemy's Enemy", "Court of Inquiry", "I Spy Strangers" and "Moral Fibre". The first three of these are telling studies of class antagonism and vindictiveness among officers of a Signals regiment in Belgium and Germany towards the end of the last war, "Court of Inquiry" displaying the author's sure touch in putting farce at the service of his derisive intentions. The complacency, pretensions and insensitivity of social workers get a characteristically rude but entertaining knock in "Moral Fibre".

Alan Sillitoe's best work, his shorter stories rather than the longer ones, those that have most convincingly demonstrated human fallibility and eccentricity, has always seemed the product of unusual imaginative powers. And though there are some fog patches in his new collection, *The Second Chance*, there are reminders, too, of the intensity and lyricism with which he establishes the dilemmas of his characters who are often, one way or another, victims of their pasts. The title story, about a light-fingered young man who is involved in pretending to be the son (a fighter pilot killed 20 years earlier) of an elderly couple, is both poignant and grotesque, and is cleverly and movingly sustained. "The Devil's Almanack", though awkwardly set in the last century, brings to a violent conclusion the story of a Kentish postmaster's jealous fear of losing his daughter, and "The Meeting", about a couple who now only meet once a year in a hotel, is unerringly precise in its observation of two people who are watchful observers, of each other, of their disastrous past relationship and of the need to agree on limited objectives.

Old Chelsea

by James Bishop

Images of Chelsea
by Elizabeth Longford
Saint Helena Press, £70

Chelsea has in recent years acquired a phenomenal reputation for arts and smarts. If the description, which is the author's, seems vaguely derogatory, this was probably intended to reflect more on its current rather self-conscious trendiness than on the artists and writers who moved into the area towards the end of the 19th century. They came—among them Turner, the Carlyles, Whistler, Rossetti and Wilde—because it was anonymous and cheap. It was also at that time decidedly unfashionable and rather squalid—a word used about it by Leigh Hunt when he moved from what is now Upper Cheyne Row to Kensington.

It was in the 19th century, comments Elizabeth Longford, a place “worlds away from trendiness”. It was nonetheless a place people enjoyed living in, as Carlyle did, in spite of the noise, and as Turner did, though his anonymity was threatened. “I shall often drop in now I've found out where you quarter,” said an artist friend who spotted Turner in a local pub. “Will you? I don't think you will,” replied the master, who had come to Chelsea “looking for peace and sunsets” to escape the hubbub of his official residence in Marylebone.

No one in his right mind would go to Chelsea today as an escape from hubbub, but it is undoubtedly a happy part of London to live in. *Images of Chelsea*, which is not at all concerned with the modern image of Chelsea, provides historical justification for this fact. The story begins with the image of a palace for a saint, the saint being Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII's Lord Chancellor, and the palace the house he built for himself in Chelsea in about 1524, a house described by his friend Erasmus as commodious, “neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent enough”, and as “a magazine of curiosities”. The house was confiscated by Henry and was ultimately, after passing through the hands of 14 owners, destroyed in 1740 by Sir Hans Sloane, who in every other way deserves to be remembered as one of Chelsea's brief benefactors.

Though More lived in the house for only ten years—he was imprisoned in 1534 and beheaded in 1535—he put Chelsea on the map, and his house is the focal point on many of the earliest prints, which are themselves the prime feature and justification for this book. The object has been to collect, reproduce and catalogue all the engravings and prints of Chelsea from the earliest, in the mid-17th century, until they were replaced by photography towards the end of the 19th century. The prints themselves are arranged by subject, so that all views of, say, the Royal



A wood engraving of work in progress on the Chelsea Embankment in 1857.

Hospital, or the Adam and Eve Inn, or the old Battersea Bridge, or Ranelagh, are grouped together to give a most vivid impression of the development of the area, and the catalogue lists the title, artist, publisher, date, process used, original source and differing states of 748 prints, many of which came from the Chelsea Library, from the collections of some of the other London libraries and museums and from some private collections.

To this considerable work of scholarship has been added some 30,000 words by Elizabeth Longford, a text linked to the most interesting of the prints and one which is itself both scholarly and sparkling with good stories. *Images of Chelsea* is the first volume in a limited edition series which aims eventually to cover the whole of Greater London. It is an ambitious enterprise which, on the evidence of this elegant volume, will prove most valuable.

Other new books

The Macmillan Family Encyclopedia
Macmillan, £195

In America, and it is important to know that this is originally an American publication, the 21 volumes of this encyclopedia appeared under the title of the *Academic American Encyclopedia*. For the British edition the publishers must seem either to be flattering the average family or aiming down-market. In fact the title chosen here is, so far as it is possible to judge on a few weeks' acquaintance, reasonably accurate. As an encyclopedia it is less comprehensive than the *Britannica* or *Chambers*, but it is quick and easy to use, well illustrated, up-to-date (and promises annual revision using “the latest computer technology” and by means of a yearbook), and is toughly bound. It should, indeed, be a useful set to have around the house, though whether £195 suits the average family budget may be another matter.

The editors state that the fundamental goal of an encyclopedia is “to make accessible to a particular audience definitive information on the broadest possible range of subjects”. They define their particular audience as being students in high schools or college and the inquisitive adult, and say that research among this audience has shown that these people want four specific things from an encyclopedia: first, quick access to definitive factual information; second, “a readily intelligible overview

of a subject that does not compel the reader to grasp intricate subtleties or wade through drawn-out historical analysis”; third, the starting place for further research, directing to more specialized primary and secondary sources; and fourth, a help in visualizing and recognizing people, places, objects and processes by means of maps, photographs and drawings, many of which should be in colour.

By these acceptable standards the *Macmillan Family Encyclopedia* does very well, but for readers on this side of the Atlantic there are some drawbacks. For a history or explanation of the gramophone, for example, the English user will need to know that in America it is called a phonograph (there is no cross-reference, though it is acknowledged in the entry under phonograph that the term gramophone “is preferred in most of the world to distinguish the disk system from the cylinder phonograph system”). And there are biographical omissions that some might find hard to live with; Babe Ruth, Jackie Robinson and Micky Mantle are there, but neither W. G. Grace nor Sir Donald Bradman get an entry, and the short paragraph on the history of cricket explains despairingly that cricket is “a complicated game”. Even for an overview, that is putting it baldly.

Language and some customs apart, it is hard to find fault with this work, which makes so much knowledge most readily accessible. Fortunate will be the families who have these volumes at their fingertips.

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Bloodless violence

by Michael Billington

I am slightly bothered by Louis Malle's *Atlantic City*. It has a great feeling for place and character and it restores Burt Lancaster to his rightful place at the centre of our movie screens. Yet its casual, even whimsical, acceptance of murder as a necessary test of virility strikes me as repulsive. Four years ago Malle's *Pretty Baby* blandly tolerated the exploitation of children as sexual objects; *Atlantic City* now treats murder as if it were simply a sexual restorative for senior citizens.

Burt Lancaster plays an aging numbers-runner, selling illegal lottery tickets, who for 40 years has lived on the fringes of the Atlantic City underworld. He claims to have known Al Capone and Bugsy Siegal. In reality he is a small-time hood, kept by his elderly, bed-ridden girlfriend, Grace, who peers at the pretty lady opposite (Susan Sarandon) through the curtains of his apartment window. But suddenly his life is transformed when he finds himself the possessor of a packet of stolen cocaine left in his apartment by a hippie pusher who gets inadvertently killed. The old man sells the cocaine and with his newfound wealth buys dashing white suits, takes Ms Sarandon to bed and even bumps off the two hoodlums who are trying to recover the stolen dope.

M Malle is a noted maker of documentaries and he has caught perfectly the atmosphere of Atlantic City (which also served as a memorable background to Bob Rafelson's *The King of Marvin Gardens*). *Variety* recently reported that this New Jersey resort now has a \$1 billion plus casino industry and Malle records, with great irony, the effect this has had. Not only do we see old buildings demolished to make way for new casinos; in one brilliant scene we see Robert Goulet as a visiting singer crooning to the patients in the Frank Sinatra wing of a new hospital. John Guare, a fine American dramatist, has also written a bizarre and lively screenplay full of good jokes at the expense of the old man's wistful nostalgia for the days of Prohibition gambling. Gazing rheumily out to sea, Mr Lancaster remarks to a young friend: "The Atlantic Ocean was something then."

What troubles me is the way Malle seems to endorse the hero's resorting to murder in order to impress his new mistress. Some people object to the realism of Peckinpah violence on the screen. I object far more to the bloodless violence that Malle gives us; a violence in which killing people has neither moral nor physical consequences. No one suffers guilt or remorse, and the bodies simply crash on to the Atlantic City boardwalk like guardsman fainting in the heat.

Still even I cannot deny that it is a pleasure to see Mr Lancaster on the screen. He is splendid in the early part of

the film when, in his mackintosh and little tartan cap, he is doing the numbers racket or taking poodles for walks by the sea. He is even better later on when he tries to cut a dash and make up for years of insignificance. He pushes past the paunch of his paymaster with admirable insouciance; he treats a wine waiter with wondrous hauteur; and he responds eagerly when Ms Sarandon, who aspires to be a Monaco croupier, says, "Teach me some stuff." Both for its acting and its portrait of a town that has acquired a sleazy new life through gambling *Atlantic City* is often very enjoyable. What troubles me is Louis Malle's basically flippant attitude towards murder.

I have, however, no qualms or reservations about Richard Rush's *The Stunt Man*, a film that has become a great hit in America despite front-office opposition but that here has been treated rather sniffily. It is about a runaway Vietnam veteran (Steve Railsback) who unwittingly causes the death of a stunt man on a movie location and who is assigned by the God-like director (Peter O'Toole) to take his place. The runaway is initiated into the art of daredevil deeds, falls in love with the film's leading lady and becomes convinced the director is out to kill him. And, who knows, perhaps he is.

What makes this a hugely entertaining film is Rush's own palpable delight in the visual deceptions of cinema. "If God could do the tricks we can, he'd be a happy man," cries O'Toole's director; and throughout we are reminded how easy it is to pull the wool over an audience's eyes. One much quoted scene shows the aerial bombardment of a beach in which the spectators (and we cinemagoers, too) momentarily believe that things have gone spectacularly wrong. Even better was an astonishing rooftop fight sequence in which the new stunt man finally crashes through a plate-glass window on to a bed containing a naked couple. O'Toole whimsically asks the stunt man if he noticed that the woman on the bed was really a man; and suddenly one wants to see the whole sequence through again to check whether or not this is a joke.

Opponents of the film say movies are not made like this and that the project they are all supposedly working on, a First World War epic, has no credibility. I say "Phooey" to that. This is not a documentary. It is an essay on the power and paranoia attendant on the business of movie-making; and not only is it well directed by Rush and scripted by Lawrence B. Marcus but it also contains a joyous performance by Peter O'Toole who is forever flying into the frame like an old-fashioned *deus ex machina*. Add a tuneful, Weill-like score by Dominic Frontiere and you have a film that radiates happiness and sends you out of the cinema in a rare old state of moral uplift ●

Shavian rhetoric

by J. C. Trewin

"I grow more advanced every day" says Roebuck Ramsden during Act I of *Man and Superman* (Olivier). That is, more or less, what some of our dramatists, often deluding themselves, have been saying for years. But no one was more truly advanced in his time than Bernard Shaw, though he would hardly like to find Ramsden quoted in support.

Later, the Devil—presented here as a head waiter, a throw-back to Mendoza's former employment—insists that each generation thinks the world is progressing. We do not often hear him say this. Christopher Morahan's superb National Theatre production now includes the Act III interlude, Tanner's dream in the Void near Hell, for so long a collector's piece, though again and again we have felt that Shaw's play, "a comedy and a philosophy", is incomplete in the three-act compression. The Juan interlude is a show-piece of Shavian rhetoric, the language on fire. Besides exact speaking, it needs a dedicated audience; fortunately we had both at the Olivier premiere. Daniel Massey, who elsewhere may be a shade repetitive in method—after all, Tanner can be a problem—accepts the challenge grandly: the fire sparks and glows as it used to do with Alec Clunes.

It has been said sometimes that Shaw was more interested in his philosophy, the theme of creative evolution or the Life Force, self-knowledge through selective breeding of the superman, than he was in Tanner and Ann Whitefield. Yet they come off richly in the theatre. Besides Mr Massey—reminding one of his father—we get full-scale performances from Penelope Wilton, remorseless in the love chase, and Michael Bryant as that extremely Shavian brigand who becomes a comparably Shavian Devil. This, in all ways, is an absorbing event.

In a lesser degree, so is the Young Vic *Pygmalion*, based on the film version. Moreover, Denise Coffey allows Donald Eccles both to bristle benevolently as Shaw and to speak those marvellously literate stage directions. Lesley-Anne Down's Eliza avoids extravagance and we can believe in that quick change without straining the imagination.

Doubtless Peter Nichols feels that *Passion Play* (Aldwych) is part of the theatre advancing. He has written good things, but this does not strike me as one of them. It is a narrative of middle-aged adultery, complicated by a device in which each of the principal figures has a talkative *alter ego*, forever ready with comment and advice. It is a confusing business: in the second half of the night the play becomes tiresome. The people are uninteresting, and even if Benjamin Whitrow with his other self, Anton Rodgers, and Billie Whitelaw with

Eileen Atkins, work throughout like the experts they are to keep the thing going, it remains a baffling entertainment.

Stanley Price's *Moving* (Queen's) is more fun, though probably labelled pejoratively as West End material: I do not see why one should be condescending about every event in Shaftesbury Avenue. This is not the kind of piece that at the beginning of the century would have been summed up in another line from Ramsden, "Violet did not really go to Eastbourne three weeks ago." Mr Price has had an amusing idea, offering certain constructional problems. If a dentist and his wife are trying to sell their five-bedroomed house in a desirable suburb, a dramatist can do little more than provide a sequence of potential buyers and push on the plot with telephone calls to and from agents and solicitors. Still, Mr Price shunts in and out of agreeable sidings. We have, for example, the wife's actress-sister who gives helpful performances at the drop of an offer, and the house painter who regrets that conversations he overhears are often continued in another room. Not the theatre advancing, but with Penelope Keith to alternate between the crisp and the wistful, and Peter Jeffrey as her husband accepting outrageous fortune, we can call this a desirable West End property.

Two other plays set personal matters against a backdrop of public events: an old plan treated uncommonly well in both *The Workshop* at Hampstead and *Touched* (Royal Court). The first, taken by Tom Kempinski from the French of Jean-Claude Grumberg, has no overmastering plot. It is merely a series of brief episodes in the sewing-room of an obscure Parisian tailor's during the years after the last war. Kept aware of past terrors, we are concerned all the while with the half-dozen women in the shop and their intermittently erupting volcano of an employer. The piece is honesty itself and much helped by Lynn Farleigh as the wife whose stateless husband disappeared, and Lee Montague as the boss who has his own potent story.

In *Touched*, at the Royal Court, the scene is a Nottingham suburb between the end of the war in Europe and the ultimate VJ Day. Stephen Lowe, the author, is suggesting, through the lives of a working-class family, the hopes for a wonder to come that are already beginning to sour. As with *The Workshop*, we are impressed by the play's honesty, and by the acting of Marjorie Yates who has deceived herself into imagining a pregnancy.

Finally, in a piece with the glum title of *Naked Robots* (Warehouse), Jonathan Gems seeks to show how a group of young people can behave and speak in the most squalid circumstances. The dialogue is crudely epithet-ridden: if this is the theatre advancing, it is also the English language in decline ●

Jubilee adventure

by Margaret Davies

English National Opera has shown a properly adventurous spirit in this its golden jubilee season in staging both Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, which had faded from the limelight since its last performance at Covent Garden, under Barbirolli, in 1930, and *Boris Godunov*, given in the original Mussorgsky orchestration rather than the more sumptuous Rimsky version.

The long neglect of *Romeo and Juliet* is a feature of the general decline of the French repertory—that and the lack of suitable singers for the roles of the star-crossed lovers, created in London in 1867 by Patti and Mario and later associated with Melba and Jean de Reszke. ENO has now bridged the gap by casting Valerie Masterson and John Brecknock, both of whom fulfilled the requirements of the music in style and technique, in the title roles and by engaging Louis Frémaux to conduct. This French specialist in the *genre* drew firm and flexible playing from the orchestra and demonstrated that Gounod's music can still stir the emotions and captivate an audience by its grace and lyricism.

The score is built round the scenes for the lovers, the only characters who are drawn in any depth, and the music grows in intensity as their feelings for each other deepen. The libretto, by Barbier and Carré, who were also responsible for the far freer adaptation of *Hamlet* for Ambroise Thomas's opera, is fairly faithful to Shakespeare, apart from the final scene in which Juliet wakes before the death of Romeo, allowing them to sing a touching last duet and to die in unison. Their meeting at the ball is preceded by Juliet's familiar waltz song, "Je veux vivre", an opportunity for some soaring *coloratura* brilliantly executed by Valerie Masterson. The balcony scene, preceded by Romeo's "Ah! lève-toi soleil!", an aria more heroic than lyrical in tone which John Brecknock delivered with persuasive ardour, concludes with the duet "Ah! ne fuis pas encore", already indicating a change of heart for the carefree girl of the opening scene. In the bedroom their dispute as to whether they can hear the nightingale or the lark merges into the glorious duet which expresses the climax of their love.

Whereas the other characters are of secondary importance, the crowd scenes have a significant function in the progress of the tragedy and they were purposefully staged by Colin Graham, in particular that leading up to Romeo's banishment. Beginning with an aria for Stephano, Romeo's page, sung here with verve by Marie McLaughlin who made much of her opportunities, it developed into a long sequence of duets, well directed by Peter Woodward, ending in the deaths of Mercutio and Tybalt. Alix Stone's all-purpose decor, a series of arches topped by a gallery, was

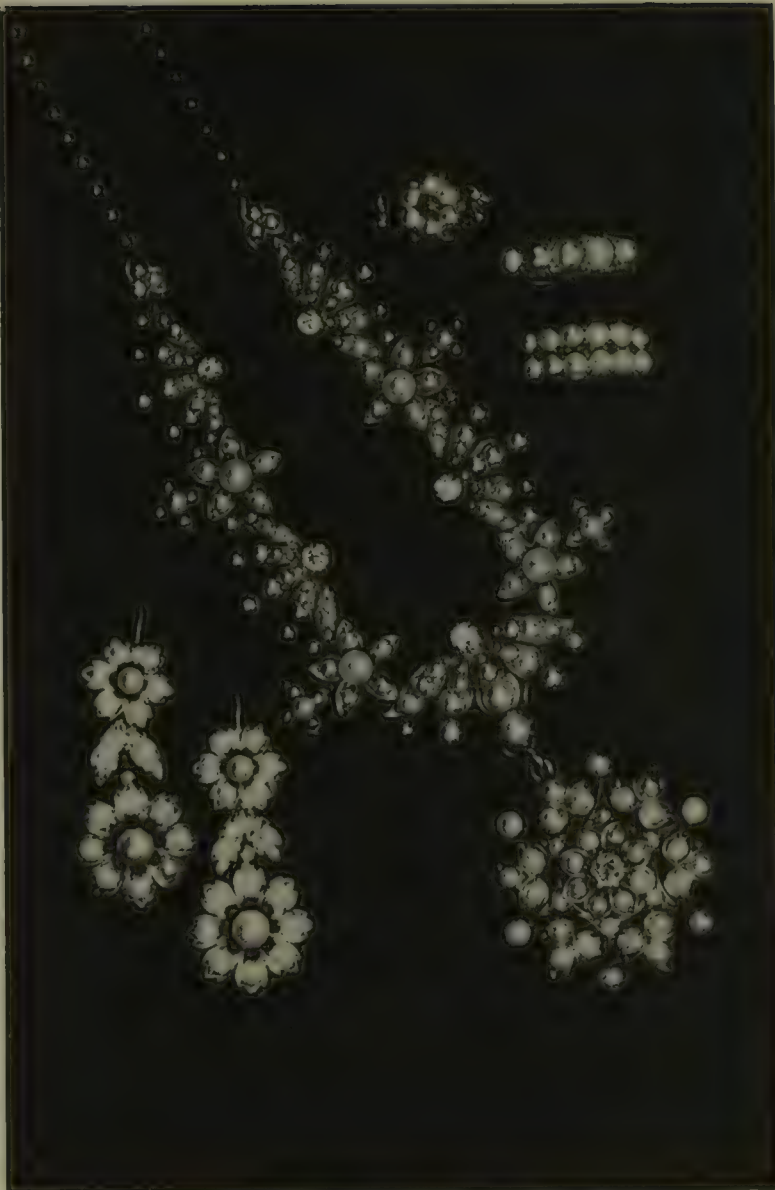
especially effective in the ball, balcony and street scenes, less so in the bedroom and Friar Laurence's cell which called for a more intimate setting, though it made for swift, smooth scene changes.

There were sound performances from Geoffrey Chard (Capulet), Geoffrey Pogson (Tybalt) and Stuart Harling (Mercutio) and a superbly sonorous Friar from John Tomlinson. But Miss Masterson's Juliet alone should guarantee a new lease of life for this lovely work.

There has never been any risk that *Boris Godunov* would suffer the fate of *Romeo and Juliet*. It has been in the Covent Garden repertory since Peter Brook staged it there in 1948, but more often than not it has been performed in Rimsky-Korsakov's version which that composer made to save the work from oblivion in its early years when Mussorgsky's own orchestration was considered too idiosyncratic. But tastes change: now not only is there a general trend towards performing operas as composers intended they should be heard, ears are attuned to the sparse severity of 20th-century music with which Mussorgsky has much in common.

The ENO conductor, David Lloyd-Jones, has prepared a new edition of the complete original score, from which he has expunged all of Rimsky's amendments, and he is also responsible for the clear English translation. For the Coliseum production he chose to give the fullest possible version, comprising Mussorgsky's original seven scenes, plus the two later Polish ones, and including both the St Basil scene and the alternative one set in the Kromy Forest. The resulting work was of Wagnerian proportions, but a subject of such dimensions—its central theme has less to do with the story of Tsar Boris than with the history of the Russian people—needs a broad canvas which was satisfyingly filled by Mr Lloyd-Jones.

It was staged in a style which has become a hallmark of ENO at the Coliseum: lavish costumes, dark and weighty and encrusted with jewels, and simple settings that sketched in the place of action but which could be changed in an instant, both designed by David Collis. The producer was again Colin Graham, who handled the large-scale scenes boldly and fluently but also brought the personal conflicts into sharp focus. At the heart of this truthful version was Richard Van Allan's austere Boris, never wholly at ease, not even at his coronation; and his darkly-inflected, intelligent singing conveyed the mental torment which finally destroys the Tsar. John Tomlinson contributed a weighty, authoritative Pimen; Elizabeth Connell, alternately scheming and seductive, was a powerful Marina; and there were sound performances from Stuart Kale as the Innocent, Robert Ferguson as Shuisky, Dennis Wicks as Varlaam and Fiona Kimm as the Tsarevitch. ●



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Spirit of perfection

by Stuart Marshall

A new car launch is always exciting but the introduction of a new Rolls-Royce is an event. The Silver Spirit which made its bow last autumn was the first really new Rolls-Royce since the Camargue of March, 1976. Underneath its elegant bodywork it has a great deal in common with the Silver Shadow of 1965, though with many significant improvements.

But, before considering what are to most Rolls-Royce owners the boring and irrelevant mechanical details, let us turn to its looks. The Silver Spirit (together with its long wheelbase version, the Silver Spur, and Bentley equivalent, the Mulsanne) is lower and wider than the Shadow. It uses the same floor pan as the Shadow—the board of Rolls-Royce insisted for economy reasons—but it is roomier inside and headroom has not suffered because the seats are lower, too.

Aesthetically, the in-house design team has been successful. The Silver Spirit looks more elegant than the Camargue, for which the Italian master Pininfarina was at least partly responsible. If you think the Silver Spirit is just a bit like a cross between a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow and a Mercedes New S Type, I would agree.

Inside, it is as traditional a Rolls as any buyer could expect. The seats are great thrones, superbly trimmed in the

softest hide, supportive, electrically adjustable and, one need hardly add, very comfortable indeed. The fascia is covered in flawlessly matched walnut veneer, as are the window rails. But the fascia is designed to yield safely in a crash and, in addition to conventional instruments, there is an electronic digital read-out in the centre telling you the time, outside temperature and time elapsed since the journey began. The temperature inside is totally under the driver's control. The Spirit and its stable companions have an air conditioning system of unrivalled efficiency.

The boot is large and carpeted, has a completely flat floor and is much easier to load. The rear end was altered so that the lamps are carried on the boot lid instead of the body sill.

Engine, transmission, front suspension and steering have hardly changed from the Silver Shadow II. The engine is still a huge V8 of 6½ litres' capacity and undisclosed power output, though an educated guess puts it at about 200 horsepower. The transmission is a three-speed automatic, made under licence from General Motors but with Rolls-Royce's own control system incorporated. All four wheels are independently suspended by a self-levelling system which combines Citroën-type high pressure hydraulics with steel springs.

A completely redesigned rear suspension, tried out for some months on production models of the Corniche before

the new car's announcement, has transformed ride comfort in the back seats. It was a cause of embarrassment to Rolls-Royce that the Jaguar XJ models had a better and quieter back seat ride than their own cars. They do not any more. The Silver Spirit's ride comfort is equalled only by the Jaguar's and is thus arguably better than that of any other car in the world. It sweeps along any kind of road surface with the tranquillity one is entitled to expect of a car costing more than £50,000.

Bearing in mind that a Silver Spirit with four up and a boot full of luggage weighs nearly 2½ tons, it handles with an agreeable nimbleness. Dunlop developed a new tyre for the Spirit, the D7. It rides over coarse surfaces, even potholes, with negligible disturbance, holds on very well indeed during hard cornering and shows a well bred reluctance to squeal.

It is not done to inquire too closely about fuel consumption with a Rolls-Royce. Miles per tankful is what counts, not miles per gallon. The Spirit's 23½ gallon tank will need refilling every 300 miles or so, depending on how and where the car is driven. In town it will do about 11 mpg, on a long run up to 18 mpg. Careful development of the engine over the years has made it more efficient and this work continues. Rolls-Royce have to pay a \$500 penalty on every car sold in the USA because its fuel thirst is higher than the standard.

The next new model from Rolls will be a Silver Spirit Mk II. When it appears in two or three years' time it will have a smaller (though still, by normal standards, very large) V8 engine of about 5 litres' capacity, possibly with a turbocharger. That will ensure it gives better fuel economy at low to moderate speeds but has even better acceleration. Another energy saving idea in the pipeline is the incorporation of a four-speed automatic transmission with an overdriven top gear. General Motors have one on sale in the USA and Rolls are working to adapt it to their cars.

But all this is for the future. For the moment the Rolls-Royce Silver Spur represents a peak of perfection in automobile manufacture, achieved by using the best of materials, highly skilled labour and more man hours than a high volume maker could possibly incorporate into a product.

The weight of metal and other materials that go into a Rolls-Royce make it strong and safe as well as solid-feeling. Just how strong is easily demonstrated. All new cars have to undergo crash barrier tests in which they are smashed into solid concrete walls to see how far the steering column protrudes into the passenger compartment, how much the roof caves in and so on. Most makers use up at least four cars in this set of tests; Rolls had to smash only one. It did for all four tests—front, back, sides and roof ●

MUSEUMS

Glasgow's People's Palace

by Kenneth Hudson

Every major Communist city has its Palace of Culture as a matter of course and during the 1950s and 60s the fashion for this kind of cultural department store spread to countries outside the Eastern Bloc. France, for example, has a network of Maisons de la Culture, and even goes one better with a Palais des Arts et de la Culture in Brest.

Yet Palaces for the People are a British, not a Russian, invention with their origins in the writings of John Ruskin, William Morris and Walter Besant, rather than of Karl Marx and V. I. Lenin. But the idea failed to strike roots in British soil; both the money and the will were lacking. Only two such buildings were ever constructed here, the People's Palace for east London, opened by Queen Victoria in 1887, and the People's Palace for east Glasgow, opened by Lord Rosebery in 1898.

Both were planned as comprehensive cultural centres for deprived areas but there were important differences between them. The London People's Palace came about through private enterprise and catered for a wide range

of cultural and physical activities with a free library, technical and trade schools, lecture rooms, a music room, an art gallery, a winter garden, gymnasium and play rooms for children. The Glasgow venture, on the other hand, was a municipal one and, since local provision for libraries, technical education and physical exercise was already outstandingly good for its time, it was sensibly decided to concentrate on museum and art gallery space, and on a winter garden. The complex was designed as an integrated unit with nature linked to art and situated on the edge of the city's central park, Glasgow Green, which, among its many other functions, was the traditional centre for outdoor meetings—Glasgow's Speakers' Corner. The area surrounding the Green was densely populated and, entrance to the Palace being free, more than a quarter of a million people visited it during the first seven weeks of its existence.

In 1940 the museum and gallery section, a solid and by no means disagreeable sandstone building in the Italian Renaissance style, was converted into the city's local history museum, and in this sense it is still a People's Palace. The winter gardens, a great glasshouse

measuring 180 by 120 feet, has fared much less happily in recent years. Planned to accommodate 3,000 people, standing, among the flowers and sub-tropical plants, it also had seating for 600. In the 1960s it was felt that "undesirables" had begun to take over the premises and the seating was removed. In 1964 there was a plan to demolish the gardens but, although public protest prevented this, no maintenance was carried out and the structure was left to decay. It was closed from 1966 to 1978 and then, after an official change of heart, used for two years for a wide range of purposes—snooker championships, fashion photography, a midsummer night's ball, television film sets. In August, 1980, the building was finally declared structurally dangerous and closed. Shortly afterwards a pressure group, the Friends of the People's Palace, was established. Its main and urgent task at the present time is to raise the £700,000 required to restore and save the winter gardens. The Palace as a whole, museum and winter gardens, is a listed building, but as the Friends have pointed out, "If the gardens go, the museum will go—it cannot stand alone."

Meanwhile the museum, though grossly and regrettably starved of public funds, is a marvellously evocative place, with an enthusiastic staff and splendid collections, illustrating the story of Glasgow and its people from the earliest times to the present day. The emphasis of the displays is on the 19th and early 20th centuries. The rich variety of Glasgow industries is well represented and there are excellent collections relating to the trade union and co-operative movements, the campaign for women's suffrage, local politics and the history of entertainment in the city. There are particularly interesting exhibits dealing with the cinema, the pantomime and music hall, and football.

For many visitors, however, the most remarkable section of the museum is likely to be the one devoted to drink and to the long and not wholly successful battle fought by the Temperance organizations to persuade the inhabitants of Glasgow to reduce their formidable consumption of alcohol. The huge map showing the number and distribution of public houses in Glasgow in 1902—more than 1,600 of them—is one of the most thought-provoking social documents in any museum ●



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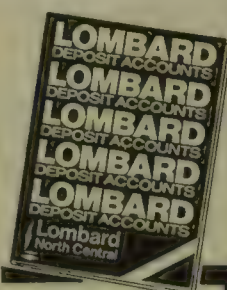
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MONEY

A novel investment

by John Gaselee

A growing number of companies in the leisure field are offering people with capital the chance to buy "holiday time-sharing" facilities. Though a fairly new development in Britain, having been pioneered on the Continent, time-sharing is not necessarily just a gimmick. For some people it could make economic sense to look more closely at the whole idea.

The concept of time-sharing cheerfully cuts across national frontiers. In this country the English Tourist Board is active in assisting UK developers with such schemes, and its definition of time-sharing is "a term indicating the purchase of the use of a holiday facility for a predetermined period in each year for a specified number of years".

Although there are various ways in which time-sharing can be used the principle is that at the outset you pay over a capital sum which secures holiday facilities for a specified number of years or in perpetuity. The facilities are "shared" with others throughout the year so that you are buying only the use of them for a specified number of weeks annually. Bearing in mind the under-use of many holiday facilities this is, theoretically, a good idea, since the cost can be spread over a large number of people and the facilities used almost continuously throughout the year.

From an investment point of view this could be an efficient way of using capital. Instead of providing income which might be highly taxed and which is used to buy holiday facilities each year (with rising costs), the facilities are in this way guaranteed. Unfortunately, however, payment of the capital does not guarantee that they will be entirely free thereafter. Almost invariably an additional service charge is levied each year, which can be expected to increase with inflation.

It may seem that the scheme is inflexible and that once having bought a time-sharing facility you would be locked into it until the end of the period. In fact there can be a certain amount of flexibility while you own the facility and also there is nothing to prevent you from selling your rights for whatever they will realize in the open market. Normally, of course, you would expect to sell for something under the going rate for a comparable new development at the time. In any event, after time-sharing has been in operation for a while a second-hand market will almost certainly develop, and the general level of prices will be reasonably well known by both potential purchasers and vendors.

While that is the main principle behind time-sharing as far as holiday facilities are concerned, there are two main approaches being marketed at the moment, and some intermediaries can offer their clients a choice. You can buy a fac-

ility in a specially constructed block of flats in a holiday area or in a hotel or in some other purpose-built holiday development for the same period each year, and the cost will depend on the time of year chosen. Capital costs for the peak of the season in a particular area will obviously be much higher than if you buy for a less popular period.

While much publicity for time-sharing extols the virtues of exotic holiday facilities in far-flung places such as Barbados and St Vincent, to say nothing of luxury yachts in Antigua, the principle of time-sharing is being employed for rather more down-to-earth, family-type holidays in, for example, cottages in Devon, units in the grounds of a castle in Fife and suites in a country mansion in County Galway.

In making a selection for family holidays one of the main considerations might be a degree of permanence so that holidays can be in the same place each year. However, flexibility will almost certainly be needed from time to time. There is, of course, no compulsion to take up the facility yourself every year, but having paid for it it would be a pity not to secure some benefit from it. There is, therefore, nothing to prevent you from giving it away in a particular year or letting it at a fairly nominal rent. On the other hand if a buyer can be found you can sell the rights for the year.

If, however, you like the idea of paying over capital now to secure holiday facilities in the future, but do not particularly want to be committed to a specific development (always remembering that it could lose its initial appeal or go out of fashion, with a resultant drop in market price), there is an alternative approach. Instead of buying a stake in a specific property at the outset, you can buy membership of a non-profit-making club. You then have the right to select a holiday for a specified period from any of the holiday developments in which the club has an interest at the time, which gives you flexibility over both the particular holiday each year and the time of taking it. Apart from the fact that Christmas and New Year attract an extra charge, once you have paid the going rate for membership at the time of entry you have the right to take a holiday whenever you like—provided it is still available when you book through the club.

Another advantage is that it is not necessary to take up the facilities each year. They can be accumulated for up to three years and a really long holiday can be taken in this way or split over two or more of the facilities in which the club has an interest.

Time-sharing is still a relatively new development and, inevitably, is bound to attract some cowboy operators. It is most important, therefore, to check the credentials of anybody to whom money may be paid, and to make sure that the legal contracts are watertight.

Best of French

by John Morgan

To write about French food in London is to enter dangerous territory. France is too near, too well known. Of little use here the travelling man's fetching anecdotes of the exotic—suitable, say, for describing the black boiled eggs served for breakfast at Irkutsk, mooching through Siberia, but unpersuasive about France. And therefore I have abandoned a long soliloquy about a bright green fish pâté served in a café above Uzès when the strawberry fields were ablaze in May and the dry wind carried the aroma of lavender.

Confronted with this difficulty I propose to deal with it much in the manner of a Frenchman who did not take much interest in food, Napoleon. You will recall that he transformed the history of warfare at Austerlitz by a brilliant if simple device. Faced with the Hapsburgs and their allies fighting in the old, full-frontal fashion, Napoleon first beguiled them forward and then surprised them by sudden movements from the flank. Therefore watch this space.

Lovers of French food, among whom I count myself, may be divided into two camps, Cavalier and Roundhead; the schools of the sauce, the academy of the plain. I belong in the latter class, and yet warmly recommend a new restaurant in London which serves the Cavaliers. This is the Mijanou, run by the Blech family at 143 Ebury Street. And here, at once, you will grasp the cunning of the Austerlitz tactic, because this is a place run by people who have transposed their style from a pub across the river Wye, a mile or so from where I live.

When the Blechs were at The Crown in Whitebrook their cuisine was celebrated for scores of miles around. Motor cars made nonsense of the isolation of that lush and lovely valley, the vegetation tropical in summer in the density of its foliage, the brook glittering through the antique trees, at night, when the moon seemed full too frequently for reason and the legends of witchcraft made sense. To go there was a treat. It was felt it had to be because it was expensive for that part of the world. How has the style translated to London?

"The Smoke", exchanged for the pure Whitebrook air, has not reached the kitchen: the Cavalier-Exotic remains. Since, in my time, I have eaten pretty well everything on their menu, may I recommend the home-made soup, price £1.45, and the *Pâté de saumon fumé et sa mousseline de concombre* at £2.85. At the Mijanou I had the saddle of venison, *Les mignonettes de chevreuil au sureau*, partly for old times' sake since Whitebrook is deer country, and partly because elderberry and juniper sauce is not met every day. That cost £5.95. Vegetables come at 75p per portion and prices include VAT. Service is at your discretion.

Half-way between the sauce school of the Mijanou and my favourite plain of Chez Victor (coming later) was a place new to me, A l'Ecu de France, long standing and handy in Jermyn Street. This is a formidable and large restaurant. Its private rooms look good for parties and are, given our times, not too expensive: there are set menus at £9.25, VAT included. The maître d'hôtel Mr Peduzzi took me on a tour of the cellars where I discovered that the listed Château Latour 1961 at £95 a bottle was no fevered joke. There it was; and people bought it. And to think that years ago I used to buy it so cheaply and drink it so lightly. How rich abstinence would have made me.

L'Ecu is very much a mainstream Parisian restaurant; the service is exceptionally good, almost a meal in itself. I gorged myself on very good oysters at £5.75 a half-dozen. Anyone who has recently owned a bank could enjoy Beluga Caviar at £16 an ounce, and there were obviously a few such present. The trolley beef—I spent some time learning how the trolley worked, and very interesting it was, too—was excellent; the vegetables were even more so. Dishes, in general, are between £6 and £7 apiece, including VAT. The *crêpes* (£3.25) were as rich as I have enjoyed. If you have the money it is a place worth visiting; and there are wines at one-tenth the price of that Latour: a Mouton Cadet 1977 at £9.25, for example.

And now, as promised, to Chez Victor in Wardour Street. Here the sentimental heart of the Roundhead reveals itself. For better or worse I have counted out my adult life at the table behind the partition in this clean café with its (no doubt) manufactured air of dust above the headline, its shabbiness, its elegance. Whenever I go there I am reminded of friends. Literature, the theatre, journalism: that is its world mostly. The food is simple and, if you are in pocket, the lobster thermidor is magnificent.

Time passes, the menu seldom changes. Come what may, I eat the *plat du jour*, fish, flesh or fowl. The wine is not expensive and it is possible, if you do not pitch into the port and brandy, to eat well for less than £13 a head. I am told the steak tartare is about the best there is, but since I cannot bear eating that I would not know. Early in the 1950s, as a timid tyro, I was sent to Dublin by *The Observer* to report on a rugby match between Ireland and Wales. I stayed at the Shelbourne, unaccustomed to such grandeur. I ordered what I thought was steak, a word I knew, and there came this raw meat. I ate it; and I was sick. There's a Roundhead for you ●

Restaurant Mijanou, 143 Ebury Street, SW1 (tel: 01-730 4099).
A l'Ecu de France, 111 Jermyn Street, SW1 (tel: 01-930 2837).
Chez Victor, 45 Wardour Street, W1 (tel: 01-437 6523).

RESTAURANT GUIDE



Ristorante La Pavona

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Consoling liqueurs

by Peta Fordham

I have wondered recently whether the recurrent cycles of popularity for the cocktail and the *digestif* are in any way influenced by world events.

Both types of drink tend to contain a good deal of sugar and it may be that there is an unconscious craving for sweet things in times of stress and disappointment. The difficulties of the past year have certainly produced a spate of ambrosial liqueurs—and that in a community much wedded, so we are told, to the dry. But the reason is more likely to be commercial. The new drinks have created a new and profitable market for “soft” alcohols. The old classics were high strength, on which duty is high, but the new ones run at a much lower proof-strength, with most of them under 50°.

The majority of the new delights are the “cream liqueurs”. They are composed of chocolate, cream, coffee, sometimes honey and what one might call “sweetshop” flavours, blended with varying degrees of skill and subtlety with a strongish alcohol—whisky (more often whiskey), rum and sometimes additions. Some are extremely good, some over-cloying; all lend themselves to the kitchen as well as, and sometimes better than, the dining-room.

Hallgarten's broke into this field with their “Royal” series of mint, chocolate and ginger creations which, though creamless, have proved immensely and deservedly popular. But it was Bailey's Irish Cream which started the rush and which remains a good seller. The next examples to arrive were Conticream (chocolate cream liqueur, whipped up with “finest spirits”) and Contichinno (coffee cream liqueur, with the same “spirits”), both hailing from Australia and immensely popular with young visitors. But the general favourite looks like being Irish Distillers' Waterford Cream, only recently launched. This mixture of fresh Irish cream and old Irish whiskey has been so cunningly blended, with just enough subtle and unidentifiable flavouring and, above all, enduring texture, that it appears to be the likely winner. Another Irish product, Carolans, also rates high—pleasant but somewhat over-sweet.

A slightly different type of liqueur, obviously designed mainly for mixing, has just appeared. This is Malibu, a strange “coconut” drink, laced with Jamaican rum and, oddly enough, extremely good with milk, though lending itself actually and psychologically to fun drinks with a general suggestion of wild tropical magic—the whole production aimed obviously enough at a young

market. This last drink has been put on the market by Justerini & Brooks, the originators of Bailey's Irish Cream.

The old classics remain firmly ensconced as the true liqueurs. They have lasting value and appear to have benefited by the advent of their new rivals. There have been a few challengers in this field, especially from Zwack, whose Viennese Apricot is as fine a *digestif* as you could wish; and growing numbers of travelling Britons have discovered the “white” dry *digestifs*, especially the Poire Willems, though these remain a Continental preference on the whole. Galliano's invasion has been almost wholly (and successfully) confined to the making of Harvey Wallbangers, supporting thereby the cocktail revival. Amaretto, which plays a part in so many Italian restaurant desserts, is not often found in the home. Chartreuse, 95° proof and most kingly of all, retains its crown, with its Elixir to challenge Tokay's Essencia as something reputed to revive those near death. Benedictine, Cointreau and Grand Marnier are still unchallenged in their field. I have seen more Crème de Menthe *frappées* in the past few months than I have seen for years, especially in France, while Southern Comfort's transatlantic charm seems to have captivated Oxbridge. A renewed interest is

apparent in both Bols's and Wolfschmidt's Kümmel—the adult's dill-water after a heavy meal; and making a considerable inroad into this country is the Brussels-made Mandarine Napoléon, long established as the standby for the ambitious cook, who also finds the Cusenier range a “must” for *flambés*.

But England, claimed as the birthplace of cherry alcohols, still “keeps handy, Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy” but also drinks a lot of Cherry Heering. And on British aircraft two liqueurs continue to reign supreme: long live the Scottish Drambuie and Glayva.

Wine of the month

We shall be recommending each month a wine that readers may like to sample. The first is Commanderie de la Bargemone 1978, a VDQS Provençal red, imported by a well known Master of Wine. Fruity, elegant and middle-weight, its quality is well above its price. It is ready now but will keep. From Dolamore Ltd, Freepost, Paddington Green, London, W2, £2.28 a bottle (p & p £1.60) or £27.32 the case, delivered free UK mainland. Or collect from their London, Oxford or Cambridge shops. Prices are firm to the end of March.



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Impressionist porcelain

by Ursula Robertshaw

Royal Worcester's talented modeller Ken Potts, a passionate admirer of the Impressionists, has been inspired to model a series of figures based on paintings by Renoir and Monet. We illustrate two, the *midinette* from Renoir's *The Umbrellas* and the dancing couple, Margot Legrand, a friend of the artist, and the Spanish painter Don Pedro Vidal de Solares y Cardenas from Renoir's *Le Moulin de la Galette*. Potts has not been literal in the transmutation. Colours are adapted for the new medium and poses altered to fit the figures to stand alone. The *midinette*, for example, carries her basket on her right arm, not her left as in the painting, and the two dancers, who in the painting are looking towards the main group at the table, now turn their attention towards each other. Also in the series are the figures of Germaine, Monet's step-daughter, from his *Woman with a Parasol*; his wife, Camille Doncieux, from *A Field of Poppies*; and, after Renoir, Jeanne Samary and Norbert Goeneutte—two separate figures—from *The Swing*; and the inn-keeper's daughter Alphonsine Fournaise from *Le Déjeuner des Canotiers*. Prices are between £195 and £275 ●



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Supernovae, pulsars and scintars

by Patrick Moore

One of the most famous of all astronomical objects is the patch of expanding gas known as the Crab Nebula in the constellation of Taurus. It is much too faint to be seen with the naked eye; small telescopes show it as nothing more than a misty blur but photographs taken with large instruments bring out an amazing complexity of detail.

We know that the Crab is a supernova remnant—the death-throes of a formerly bright star. The actual outburst was seen in the year 1054 and for a while the supernova became brilliant enough to be visible with the naked eye in broad daylight. Today we have the Crab Nebula to mark the site. Inside the expanding gas is a tiny, super-dense object made up of neutrons and this neutron star or pulsar is the Crab's "power-house". It cannot be more than 10 miles in diameter but it is so dense that a cupful of it would weigh many millions of tons.

The Crab pulsar is important because it is emitting radiation over a wide range of wavelengths, from the very short X-rays to the long radio waves. The pulsar is spinning round, completing 30 rotations every second, and this is why it sends out pulses of radiation.

Apparently it sends out two "beams", diametrically opposed, so that at each revolution we receive two pulses, one strong, the other weaker. The visible flashes are very faint and cannot be detected by ordinary visual observation but computer techniques have allowed them to be measured very accurately.

The second pulsar to be optically identified was tracked down by astronomers at the Anglo-Australian Observatory at Siding Spring, New South Wales which is equipped with a magnificent 153 inch reflecting telescope. It is in the southern constellation of Vela and rotates rather more slowly than the Crab and is more distant and fainter. Here, too, we have the characteristic double flash.

There have been no more optical identifications of pulsars and we depend chiefly on the radio radiations. Undoubtedly the Vela pulsar is also a supernova remnant but other remnants do not seem to be associated with pulsars.

One of the most famous of all supernovae blazed forth in 1572 near the W of Cassiopeia; it is always known as Tycho's Star because it was accurately described by the great Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe. At its maximum it was visible with the naked eye in broad daylight but it has left no Crab-type patch of gas; all that can be

detected are a few obscure fragments of nebulosity together with a radio "shell". There is no trace of a pulsar.

Recent work has shown that some supernovae leave remnants of a completely different kind and these have become known as scintars because they scintillate when observed with a radio telescope. The first to be detected lies close to the border between the constellations Aquila and Serpens and was originally known by the unromantic designation of W50.

One particularly interesting feature was the presence of a radio-emitting star in the exact centre of the shell. There was also an X-ray source in the area and it occurred to two Greenwich astrophysicists, Paul Murdin and David Clark, that the X-ray star and the radio star might be identical. Using the Siding Spring reflector, they photographed the region and established that both the radio waves and the X-rays came from an innocent-looking star known by its catalogue number of SS433.

The spectrum of SS433 turned out to be most peculiar and also very variable. The best interpretation is that SS433 is not a single star but a binary system, made up of two stars moving round their common centre of gravity. One is ejecting streamers of gas in diametrically opposite directions and these

jets are not fixed in position.

The component producing the jets must be a remarkable object in every way. It is massive and there have been the inevitable speculations that it could be a Black Hole. There is no longer any doubt about the real existence of the jets themselves, because further photographs have shown wisps of nebulosity which are caused by the jets striking the shell of the old supernova remnant.

Supernovae are of tremendous astronomical importance and it is a pity that they are comparatively rare. In our Galaxy the only supernovae to have been definitely seen during the past 1,000 years were those of 1006 (in Lupus), 1054 (the Crab), 1572 (Tycho's Star) and 1604 (Kepler's Star), all of which appeared before the invention of the telescope. Fortunately supernovae are so luminous that they can also be detected in distant galaxies and one of them—S Andromedae of 1885 in Andromeda Spiral—even reached the fringe of naked-eye visibility. During the past few decades we have learnt a great deal about the way in which they behave and it now seems that their remnants are much more diverse than once thought. Some produce pulsars with clouds of expanding gas, others yield only gas-clouds, and now we have the strange binary scintars to take into account.

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